The Inconstant Marines *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Pilgrimage to Jackson

Murray Kempton

Rockefeller and Romney

TRB from Washington

Virtue in Business

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Rockefeller and Romney

★ Personally we rather admire Gov. Rockefeller if he defies political convention and puts happiness above politics in marrying a divorced woman after being divorced himself. In a sense it is nobody's business but his own, and there is a lot of hypocrisy in the criticism. On the other hand, the American Presidency is a quasi-priestly function, and a lot of people demand marital orthodoxy here, just as they did of the Duke of Windsor.

The matter will be considered with clinical coolness in the antechambers of the $1,000-a-plate GOP dinner here this week honoring the outgoing chairman of the Senate's campaign committee, Barry Goldwater. No formal speeches will be made, just "remarks" – and one remarker will be Rockefeller, another Governor Romney, and maybe General Eisenhower, too, if he can make it.

The fact is, marital developments in New York have thrown the GOP into confusion. Rockefeller seemed a sure bet, but he got too far out in front, ran into the state liquor scandal, made a backfiring Cuban "appeasement" innuendo against Kennedy when he was down in Washington, and now faces the divorce issue. Right away his stock began sinking on the Gallup Poll; Goldwater's moved up. Furthermore good old Dick Nixon edged into the picture, and this week Gov. Romney wowed the US Chamber of Commerce. (Gov. Scranton of Pennsylvania has firmly said "No," which, perhaps, is wise under the circumstances.)

We would normally prefer to cover the highjinks of the DAR than the Chamber's annual raid on Washington in the spring, and it really requires the mordant interest of a Sinclair Lewis to enjoy so many Babbitts in close proximity. Romney, however, gave the convention a new angle. This was his meat! With the stunning reiteration of Ravel's *Bolero* he stuck to one crashing theme, the menacing threat of "Federalization," and kept coming back to it louder and louder with hypnotizing effect until the businessmen were mashed to a pulp.

There is a sweet seriousness about Romney, a virile, fervent evangelism, that can make the words "fiscal integrity" as he utters them light up like the bulbs in a pinball machine when you hit the jackpot. He has a firm, big-jawed face with regular features, handsome graying hair, and an ingenuous, moralistic style like an industrialist running a Sunday School which, in a sense, he is. He appeals above political parties for an independent "citizens' coalition" (which is catnip to the minority GOP). If he has ideas on Cuba, Russia and the like, he doesn't say them. He told the appreciative businessmen he had been around Washington a long, long time, way back to when the sinister "Keenes" (Keynes) viewpoint "first began to be sold."

Romney is the Billy Graham of politics. Nobody can doubt his inner conviction for what, for lack of a better term, we will call "Eisenhowerism." He is indeed the spiritual successor to Ike, whom he firmly praises. He seems to be Ike's boy, too. That is a big asset; and since Nixon hates Rocky, Romney seems to be his boy, also. In short, for good looks, high connections, strong spiritual overtones and cloudy generalizations here is an ideal candidate.

With a Little Bit of Luck

★ On the foreign scene people keep throwing lighted matches into the world's parched underbrush. There is reason to believe President Kennedy sees the dreadful danger of the situation that has thrice already, in his brief term, brought a near-nuclear conflagration (Berlin and Laos in 1961; Cuba, 1962). Now China rises higher and higher in the estimate of danger. With what seems to be a habitual mood of coolness, and what we guess is a kind of intellectual detachment, Kennedy plays the game of brinkmanship, while wrestling with domestic problems, too. Logic and common sense tell him, no doubt, that the affair can't go on indefinitely without somebody making a fatal miscalculation. But – who knows? – with luck the world may squeak through, and meanwhile there is the relief of doing a lot of lesser things! On foreign affairs every President is hostage, in part at least, to domestic public opinion, and the US public still largely cherishes a simplistic view of a monolithic pre-Stalin Russia whereas the internal mood has changed; this lag in comprehension hobbles official policies of the United States.

Senator Fulbright, in a speech at Tufts University this week, urged Western statesmen in every way to encourage the Soviets to persevere in the "more moderate" course of Khrushchev.

That Touchy Issue

★ We mentioned birth control last week. Here are some developments. Illinois politicians threw out millionaire industrialist Arnold Maremont as chairman of the state welfare commission, who proposed to furnish free material and information to mothers on relief. This leaves the state still paying $12 million a month to maintain children of the poor, many illegitimate and unwanted. And in New York, Father George Kelly, director of The Catholic Family Life Bureau, in a letter to the *NY Herald Tribune*, attacked Dr. John Rock, Catholic author of the controversial book, *The Time Has Come*, for failure to recognize, as he said, "the horrible effects of contraception on personal morals and family life . . . the slaughter of innocent unborn babies . . . [and] that plans to solve the 'population problem' by birth control are bound to fail. . . ."

★ *Notes:* Deploring Mr. Kennedy's appointment of the Ford businessmen's committee on the tax cut, after the Clay businessmen's committee undercut his foreign aid bill, some Presidential supporters ask unhappily whether one foot of Clay isn't enough? . . . Some NY banks that deplore US aid for a state-operated steel mill in India just loaned Quebec province the money to nationalize its power industry.

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Inconstant Marines

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What's going on in the regulation-conscious Marine Corps? It gives the impression of being, simultaneously, too harsh and too lenient. Last week, for instance, it took to task Col. Robert D. Heinl, Jr., for having violated regulations by not getting proper clearance for an article he wished to write about Haiti. The Colonel's error, which would seem trivial to civilians, was that he received verbal instead of written approval, and that permission to prepare the piece had been granted by a Commander in the Navy Office of Public Information rather than by the Marines; in addition, the finished article was submitted to the Pentagon for clearance, not by Heinl personally, but, on his instruction, by *Life* magazine. In any event, the Pentagon said "no," and the article, critical of conditions in Haiti, was never published. No matter. A Marine must live by the book. Heinl, one of the Corps' most brilliant officers with a widely and deservedly praised record as former chief of the US military mission to Haiti, was summoned to Washington to explain his behavior.

Then, that same week, the Corps' seeming indifference to the book was exposed by a self-righteous ex-Marine Lieutenant who got himself a Congressman and a press conference and unfolded a tale of moral obtuseness that is unusual even by the most advanced Cold War standards. The ex-Lieutenant, one William A. Szili, stated that he helped his superior officer, a Captain Arthur Jackson, secretly to bury a Cuban on the US naval base at Guantanamo, whom the Captain had killed. As Mr. Szili tells the story, the Cuban was an employee of the base, but resided on Cuban territory. Captain Jackson found him prowling about late one Saturday night in September, 1961. The base police, to whom Captain Jackson reported, declined to make an arrest. They advised the Captain to get the fellow back into Cuba. The Captain thereupon dragged Lieutenant Szili out of bed to help him accomplish this mission, but the two found themselves unable, without a crowbar, to open a gate through which to expel their prisoner. While Szili was off getting a crowbar, Jackson succeeded, however, both in opening the gate in question, and in killing the Cuban. "I had to shoot him," Jackson explained to the returning Szili, and the latter surmises that the Cuban had "apparently lunged at the Captain."

They decided to keep quiet about it, and a few days later, with some help, they buried the body, to avoid, as Szili puts it, an "international repercussion." They were not, as was Colonel Heinl, asked to

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explain their conduct at an official hearing. They were not court-martialed. Jackson and Szili were quietly discharged from the Corps – and quite honorably at that. The matter has come to light only because Szili and his Congressman, Rep. Richard S. Schweiker (R, Pa.) feel aggrieved. Szili does not see that he did anything wrong. Indeed, he feels wronged and thinks he should be reinstated in the Corps.

All this raises one simple question. What in the world is going on in the Marine Corps? If the order to conceal the Guantanamo crime came from higher up (the President is said to have known of it), what is going on higher up? Why do men like Jackson and Szili, as principal and accessory after the fact, go free and untried for such a deed? This wasn't warfare, it wasn't even cloak-and-dagger, but plain killing; conceivably justified (depending on more facts than we know), but the sort of killing, in any event, that civilized nations and their armed forces find justifiable, if they do, only according to the processes of law, and not otherwise.

When in January, 1957, an American soldier in Japan killed a Japanese woman, also while on duty although under circumstances considerably less murky, he was handed over to local authorities for trial, under the provisions of a treaty governing the presence of US forces in Japan. This was the famous *Girard* case. Nobody would expect the Marines, under present conditions or under conditions prevailing toward the end of 1961, to have handed Jackson and Szili over for trial by the Cubans. But handing a man over to local authorities is merely an alternative, suitable in friendly countries, to trial by court-martial. What is incomprehensible, and particularly in light of the bother over Heinl, is the failure of the Corps to pursue the latter course, that is, trial by court-martial, which is normal.

The error is now irretrievable. The Supreme Court has held that once a man has been discharged from a military service, he is subject to civilian jurisdiction only, and cannot be tried by the military for a crime he committed while in the service, even if that crime might have gone undiscovered before his discharge. Messrs. Jackson and Szili are therefore now in all probability immune to court-martial jurisdiction. This was the Marine Corps' gift to them when it discharged them. They are also immune to civil prosecution. Congress has not made it a violation of the non-military criminal law for an American citizen to commit murder, manslaughter or what have you beyond the continental limits, and while it has undoubted constitutional powers to do so, it could act, of course, prospectively only. So long as they stay out of Cuba, nobody can touch ex-Marines Jackson and Szili.

All that now can be done is to launch a searching inquiry into the United States Marine Corps' manner of administering justice.

Church Related Schools-III

In previous comments on federal aid to church-related schools (March 2, March 23) it was suggested that subsidies would be acceptable legally and socially if they were confined to instruction in secular subjects, and if public rather than ecclesiastic authorities were to determine how these subjects were taught. The underlying consideration we have tried to keep in mind is expressed by the American historian, Carl Degler, in a recent article in the alumni magazine of Vassar College. "Since Catholics," he says, "will continue to send their children to religious schools – and the Constitution seems to guarantee this right to all Americans – it seems very short-sighted from a social point of view to deny assistance to schools which educate such a large proportion of our children. Without some kind of public assistance these schools will cease to be first-rate institutions, and those which are not will never become first-rate. Yet from these inferior institutions in time will emerge millions of citizens who will have been provided with only a second- and perhaps a third-rate education. Regardless of the merit of religious education as such, that stark social fact should give all Americans pause. It raises in concrete fashion the question of whether adamant refusal to grant some governmental support to denominational schools is worth such a high social price. It is here not a question of social justice but one of social intelligence."

Objections have been raised to *The New Republic's* search for a new approach to education subsidies, some of which have been aired in our correspondence columns. Readers have warned, for example, that any assistance to church-related schools would strengthen organized religion; and so it might. But the same can be said of a number of government-financed programs now in operation, from free lunches to free textbooks in some states. If public subsidies hasten the day when parochial schools are better schools, or just less parochial, the community has gained, not lost. Moreover, the "accidental" benefits that might be conferred on religion do not seem to us deplorable.

But, some of our correspondents have asked, can you really believe that any instruction given in a parochial school by teachers hired and fired by a Catholic priest can be "neutral," uncolored by church doctrine? The Congress of the United States partially answered that question when it approved low interest federal loans to parochial schools for their science labs and foreign language instruction. It did so on the grounds that, as Rep. Roman Pucinski (D, Ill.) said, you can't "introduce religious dogma into an algebraic formula." Now, of course, you *can* do just that, and indeed some Catholic pedagogues do try to connect all subjects with theology, counting "Paters" instead of potatoes. But

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there is nothing in Catholic doctrine or even general practice in Catholic education which requires that everything taught illustrate a theological point.

There are undoubtedly Catholic priests and nuns, used to running their schools with a firm hand, who would feel that regardless of the legal obligations undertaken when they accepted public money, they and they alone have the right to decide what should be taught in "their" school. Therefore, several of our correspondents prophesy, the result of subsidies would be endless academic freedom cases, a ceaseless struggle between the hierarchy and the Congress (or the various state legislatures) about how much supervision should be exercised over tax-supported courses, and the exacerbation of inter-group tensions.

These fears seem to us exaggerated. The fact is that there are Catholics who are willing – even eager – to have publicly-supervised and publicly-subsidized instruction in certain secular subjects in parochial schools; and there are others who are not; and if the bishops officially chose the path of cooperation, there would be very few of the latter.

Direct federal subsidies are not, however, the only way of helping church-related schools. "Shared time" is another. Instead of trying to conduct secular instruction *within* the parochial schools, subsidized secular courses could be placed completely under the local board of education, with parochial school pupils taking these courses in the public school building. Such schemes have been in operation for 20 years in many Connecticut communities, and for lesser periods in cities of 19 other states. Most of them seem to be working reasonably well.

Under a typical shared-time program, a Catholic secondary student in the morning attends parochial school, financed entirely by the church, to study English, history, religion, and a foreign language. After lunch he goes to the local high school, financed by the whole community, for instruction in physics, chemistry, biology or shop. His afternoon class, which may include non-Catholic as well as Catholic pupils, is taught by a public school teacher. His "public school" grade is reported to the parochial school and appears on its transcript. Not a stone in the "wall of separation" is dislodged. The constitutional question does not arise any more than it does when a Catholic pupil takes a night course in typing at the local public school.

The disadvantages of shared time vary according to one's viewpoint. Some Catholic educators have felt that it might be the beginning of the end for parochial schools: Once the church no longer takes responsibility for teaching natural science, why not math and foreign languages? And if these are to be transferred to the public schools, why not reading and composition and even literature? As the student comes to spend more and more time in the public school, especially where equipment and specialist teachers will be increasingly expensive, won't a gradual transfer of loyalty take place, until in a generation the parochial school would have the same secondary significance that the Jewish afternoon schools now have?

If non-Catholics were united in favor of shared time, Catholic reservations might be overcome. But the most powerful "Establishment" voice for public education, the National Education Association, has been extremely cool. The reason seems to be that NEA policymaking committees are heavily weighted with administrators, and administrators are upset at the thought of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of children coming into their buildings at odd hours for special courses. (Yet many of these same administrators are quite happy to involve their schools in vast evening programs.) The scheduling of shared time is obviously a nuisance. In addition, some public school men resent the additional strain on their budgets of having to hire extra teachers and perhaps to build extra facilities for parochial school children, even though the parents of these children pay the same school taxes as other parents. This resentment on the part of public school authorities seems to us short-sighted, if for only one reason: anything that

Simple as ABC

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gives the whole community a vested interest in better education is to the good. Giving Catholic parents a direct investment in public as well as parochial schools surely ought to make it easier to win community support for school bonds and increases in property taxes, and perhaps even Congressional support for substantial federal aid to education. In the background of all this discussion, as HEW Secretary Celebrezze repeated last week, there loom these facts: more than one million children are studying in overcrowded classrooms; almost two million are studying in outmoded and hazardous buildings; 7.5 million youngsters will drop out of high school in this decade without a diploma. Nevertheless, Democratic leaders in the House have again decided that this year too it would be politically futile to press for aid to primary and secondary education.

Romney's Trial Run

When George Romney ran for Governor of Michigan last fall, his theme was "leadership." He put himself above unpleasant party bickering. This rather nonpartisan appeal was and is particularly attractive in a state, which for 14 years was a battleground between a Democratic Governor and a Republican Senate, each blaming the other for the state's failure to meet its financial problems. Romney, de-emphasizing his Republicanism, promised to end all this, to "get Michigan moving again." He has not yet shown he can do it. The outcome of the first session of the legislature under Governor Romney was a mixed bag. Much of what he wanted, he got, but the four most controversial items, which imposed the heaviest demands on his talent for leadership, were either killed or modified.

The session began auspiciously for the Governor when the suburban "moderate" Republicans narrowly won control of the Senate. Control of the House, however, went to the rural conservative bloc, posing the same problem Romney had faced as leader of the moderates at Michigan's recent constitutional convention. Should he try and ally his forces with the conservative Republicans, or with the Democrats? At the constitutional convention, Romney found the Democrats uncooperative and struck his bargain with the right-wing Republicans, largely on their terms. He has done the same in the legislature.

Perhaps as a result, the Governor's "open occupancy" bill, for example, was far milder than what had been hoped for by civil rights groups in Michigan; it would not have prohibited discrimination in housing. Even so, the bill was killed in House committee. His minimum wage proposal (Michigan is one of 17 states without any minimum wage law) was also defeated by the House, after a series of dramatic reprieves.

Romney's bill to authorize Michigan's participation in the federal program of aid to dependent children of the unemployed was written in the narrowest terms possible. Michigan's Democratic Attorney-General has ruled that it violates the equal protection clauses of both state and national constitutions, and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has declared that it does not comply with minimum federal requirements. The Governor has challenged this ruling.

Finally, one of the most important acts of the legislature was its overruling of a 1959 Michigan Supreme Court decision which had permitted workers who were laid off because of a strike in another plant to draw unemployment compensation. In the future, such workers will have to show that they do not stand to gain from the strike in the short or long run before they can draw compensation. In many cases, this determination will not be possible until after the strike is over. By dint of hard work, Romney was able to keep this bill from being more restrictive than it is.

In brief, the 1963 Michigan legislature has behaved much the same as its predecessors. Romney has moderated the more extreme ambitions of the conservatives, but not as effectively as did the vetoes of former Democratic Governors. Tax reform has been put off to a special session in the fall, and this is where Romney's program will have its severest test. Unless he can get the money with which to run the state, he will enter his party's 1964 convention as the man who was able to do more for American Motors than for Michigan.

Having It Both Ways

A Montana legislator has been having fun. As a minority member of the Appropriations Committee in the Republican-controlled legislature, he has regularly asked department heads two questions: could they get along without federal grants-in-aid to supplement state appropriations; and, have they felt any undue federal control or pressure as the price of accepting such aid? The answers have invariably been in the negative.

Montana like all other states, accepts many millions of dollars yearly in federal aid for all sorts of purposes. The state legislature must affirmatively accept each grant and the conditions under which it is tendered. Regardless of how violently state legislators or other local politicians denounce "federal extravagance," none has taken the newsworthy step of rejecting grants, or of refusing to provide the necessary state matching funds. Grants-in-aid have become so interwoven into the federal system that no state could (or would) maintain a reasonably humane standard of services without them. They now amount to some $8 billion annually (the first was in 1879 to provide reading for the blind),

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and Professor Daniel Elazar of the University of Illinois, in his new book *The American Partnership*, characterizes them as an essential part of a system which harmonizes strong central government with relatively-independent local government, in a way that avoids the extremes of complete centralization or of local anarchy. Without these grants, some states might resemble banana republics.

While a good many state legislators ungraciously kick their host's shins while supping at the federal table their behavior is emulated by their counterparts in Washington. For instance, Rep. Bruce Alger of Dallas, Texas' lone Republican Congressman, spreads himself lavishly across the pages of the *Congressional Record*, denouncing federal extravagance for the first 10 paragraphs and denouncing Congress in the next 10 for refusing to authorize a new $20 million Dallas federal building. Colorado's two Republican Senators think nothing of deploring all this spending one day, then jointly introducing bills to authorize $47 million of new reclamation projects in Colorado the next.

It is all a grand game, and the best part of it from the standpoint of the players is that the people back home never seem to catch the inconsistency.

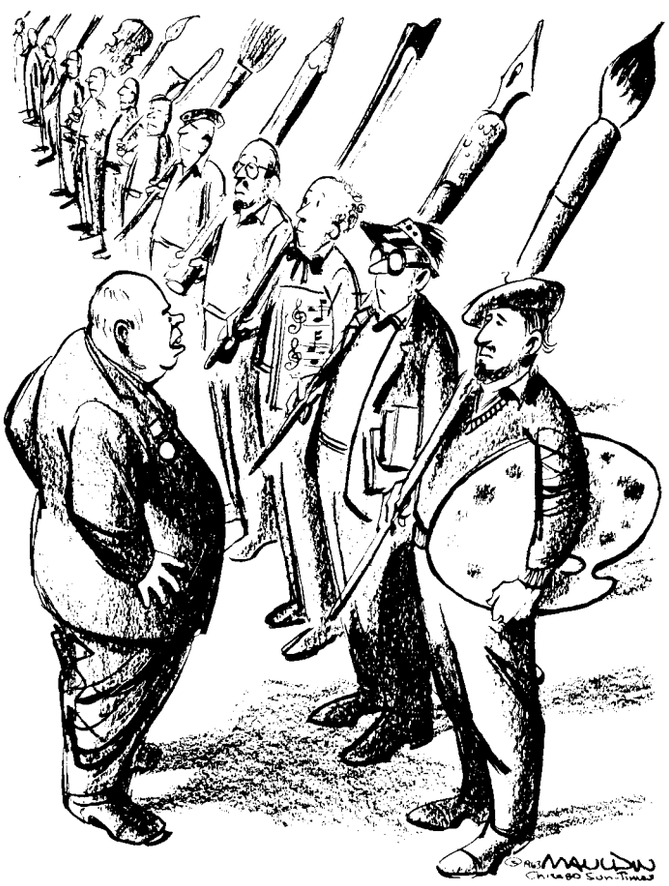
The Khrushchev Era

Nikita Khrushchev has been secretary of the Soviet Communist Party for nearly 10 years, and Premier for half that time. Now, at 69, young for a head of state in France or Germany but old for a Soviet leader, he hints that he will step down. "I cannot," he says, "hold for all time the position I now have in the Party and in the State." What preliminary judgments can be made at this point in the Khrushchev era?

It can be said, first, that Khrushchev has been much less "moderate" on the world scene than some generous observers have painted him. The shoe-pounding at the United Nations may have been mere impudence, but Khrushchev himself has said that Beria and Malenkov were willing to make bigger concessions to the West, on Germany in particular, than he. And it was Khrushchev who indulged in as provocative and dangerous a military gamble as any under Stalin – the placing of surface-to-surface missiles in Cuba.

On the economic front, some of Khrushchev's great reorganization schemes have faltered; the centralization versus decentralization dilemma has by no means been resolved; agriculture has lagged behind expectations and the current economic plans have had to be modified. Yet when all is said and done, Soviet industry has been expanding faster than that of the Western countries, and if present rates of growth continue, "catching up with and overtaking America" would seem highly probable, though not anywhere near as soon as Mr. Khrushchev has predicted.

That the Khrushchev era has seen an end to terrorism as the primary means of controlling the country is generally acknowledged. Soviet writers and artists, and perhaps managers too, are more assertive and self-confident than they were 10 years ago. The appetite for personal expression has grown with feeding and this presents the ruling hierarchy with one of its most vexing problems. On the 28th of this month, the Central Committee will meet in Moscow to discuss the restiveness of the intellectuals, for that, more than Berlin, is now the bone in Khrushchev's throat. What is at issue is not *nouvelle vague* poetry or abstract art, but the extent to which authors and painters, and ultimately the rest of the population, are going to be allowed to think for themselves. What is at stake is the dominant role of the party; if it relaxes its control in one field today, it will be challenged in another tomorrow. There is every reason to believe that Khrushchev and his colleagues see eye to eye on this as on other problems. A year and a half ago, Khrushchev reminded a Party Congress that the present rulers are a team, that "not one major measure, not one responsible pronouncement has been carried out on anyone's



"You've Been Acting Like a Bunch of Civilians!"

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personal directive." This is collective leadership.

In a very perceptive article in the April 1 issue of *Encounter*, Patricia Blake, who returned recently from a visit to the USSR and who is editor of an edition of Mayakovsky's plays and poetry, reports on talks with a great many Soviet writers. She concludes by saying that, "there is no genuine writer in Russia today who is not dedicated to establishing the sovereignty of language over the tyranny of cant." But the Party authorities who govern have a contrary interest; they are dedicated to keeping the arts harnessed to the purposes of the state. Khrushchev's sharp and vulgar reaction to the modern painting exhibition in Moscow last March makes this plain enough. To one Soviet painter he said: "You are stealing from society. You are a parasite . . . no, you won't get away with it . . . gentlemen, we are declaring war on you."

Thus, while the Soviet Union, having awakened from the nightmare of Stalin's demented dictatorship, is not about to repeat that experience, it is likewise true that it is not likely soon to advance much beyond the present phase of de-Stalinization. Indeed, de-Stalinization may already have exceeded the limits considered safe by the Party leaders, all of whom are over 45 and grew up and began their career under Stalin. For any further liberalization, we will probably have to wait until a new generation takes over. A succession crisis five or 10 years hence could mark the next big advance; a succession crisis this year or next would in all probability bring a change of cast but not of script.

No Filibuster This Time

In the last session of Congress the communications satellite controversy got so hot in the US Senate that it boiled over into a filibuster. Irate members spelled each other making speeches to hold the majority at bay. To the opposition, the Space Communications Act was a "giveaway," impure and simple. A business worth $100 billion yearly according to one Senator, $20 to $30 billion according to another, so lucrative it could defray most taxes and allow the people of the United States to enjoy the benefits of government at a discount according to a third, was being handed to monopolists by the Administration. They spoke as much in sorrow as in anger, they said, for the President who endorsed this legislation was the head of their own party. Finally the Senate did what it had to do to avoid paralysis; it invoked the sacred right of cloture. And when the legislation came to a vote only a seventh of the Senate was recorded against – but the record also showed that this small band had generated some 350 rejected amendments, on top of the filibuster, in the effort to stall it.

Time has sifted the truth out of this controversy. The vision of a powerful new instrument for furthering international amity has faded. There will be no simultaneous television programs in Addis Ababa and Los Angeles, or Leopoldville and Washington, that significant numbers of people at both ends of the line can see; not in this decade, at any rate. Nor is it likely that anybody will be able to call Paris by dropping a few coins into a cigar store telephone on Times Square and dialing the number directly, as if France were a borough of New York. The glitter of the bonanza to investors has dimmed too. As a RAND Corporation study issued last February indicates, the total revenues of all US international telephone and telegraph carriers are perhaps $150 million at the present time. This would indicate earnings of somewhat less than $11 million at the current rate of return – not enough to pay the cost of running the federal government for an hour.

It's no wonder, then, that Senatorial proceedings this month over the confirmation of officers of the new Satellite Communications Corporation have been somewhat anticlimactic. Instead of holding forth a prospect of one world through the medium of global television and of paying much of the cost of running the US Government while doing so, spokesmen for the seventh of the Senators who suffered cloture in 1962 talked as if the effort to sell the Corporation's stock might become a swindle. "Our people back home will naturally assume that there is some federal backing to this private corporation," said one. "Relying on that assumption, they may well be induced to invest in it."

Another was moved to humor by the new direction the old argument was taking: "I assume that there will be days when the Communications Satellite Corporation will not do well. But when I worry . . . I am reassured by reading the long debate on the subject that was held on the floor of the Senate last year . . . [when] anticipated profits from the operation of the corporation would roll in in such enormous amounts that Senators desired to protect the public." Senator Morse refused to see anything meaningful or shameful in this recollection. "I think," he responded, "it [the Corporation] will be pretty much a losing venture." He was now concerned, he said, not to cut the public into the profits of the satellite communications industry, but to protect the people from losses. For if the officials of the Corporation are confirmed by the Senate, as the Act provides, the average American citizen "will say to himself: 'The [officials] of this Corporation have been approved by the US Senate. . . . I can invest my savings in the Communications Satellite Corporation without fear of losing them'."

The Senate then adjourned for the day, and on the next proceeded to consent to the appointment of the slate of officials nominated by the President – with the original seventh of the Senate still saying nay.

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Footnote on Florida

State Senator Charley Johns and his Florida Legislative Investigation Committee, so fascinatingly described in these pages a few weeks ago, are more than a morbid local phenomenon. Their story deserves a footnote.

Senator Johns represents three counties in northern Florida with a total population (1960) of about 38,000. The *St. Petersburg Times* puts him among the "Pork Choppers," the local name for rural politicians who retain iron control of the state legislature because of gross inequality in the apportionment of legislative districts.

Florida for years has had the most inequitably apportioned legislature in the country. Dade County (Miami), with a 1960 population of 935,000, got as many state Senators as Charley Johns' three counties – one. About 12 percent of the state's citizens, in the rural counties, could elect a majority in *both* houses of the legislature.

Recently, under pressure from the federal courts, the legislature has passed a reapportionment act. It is not what could be called a triumph for democracy. Dade County was given a second Senator, so that a vote by one of Charley Johns' constituents will now count only 12 times as much as a Dade resident's vote. Under the new act it takes 15 percent of the people to elect a majority of the state Senators and 29.5 percent to choose a majority in the lower house. The Supreme Court will be asked to say whether that amounts to equal protection of the laws.

The defenders of the rurally-oriented *status quo* in state legislatures – and the critics of the Supreme Court's decision opening apportionments to constitutional review – make much of the argument that country people have special problems and need special protection. To keep them from being swamped by the urban masses, it is said, they must have legislative seats beyond their numbers. This minority must, as in Florida, be given majority control.

But the story of Charley Johns reminds us that the result of non-population apportionments is not primarily to protect the rural minority. It is to impose the views of that minority on the increasingly urban and suburban majority. It is to turn the state over to the "Pork Choppers" and their ideas on J. D. Salinger, Communism, race relations and government in general.

Minorities are protected under our constitutional system by devices other than giving them legislative majorities. We hear a lot these days about the need for principle in constitutional adjudication, especially in the area of legislative apportionment. At the least Charley Johns and his committee suggest that a deliberate legislative decision to give one class of voters more weight at the polls than others will be difficult to defend in principle.

Anthony Lewis

FOREIGN REPORTS

Italy

Communist Advance

★ The Communist gains in last week's general elections had not been anticipated in pre-election speculations in the Western press. Polling more than 25 percent of the vote, the Communists increased their vote by four percentage points, while the Christian Democrats dropped by the same amount to 38 percent. While the total Socialist vote remained about the same as 1958, the Communists apparently made inroads into the traditional Socialist electorate. Part of this may have been because of disenchantment with the center-left Fanfani coalition in the rural areas of central Italy where the Communists have a strong machine. They undoubtedly held their grip on voters moving from the underdeveloped areas of the South to the industrial areas of the North. Moreover, the party profited by the Fanfani Government's delay in delivering on the New Deal measures it promised when the coalition was formed in 1962.

Premier Fanfani will remain, as will the "opening to the Left," but both will now depend more heavily on Socialist cooperation and this, in turn, will depend on Pietro Nenni's ability to command his own Socialist Party supporters.

Middle East

Hussein at Bay

★ Within three days of the Cairo agreement on Arab Federal Union, the Jordanian Government of Samir al-Rifai fell on a vote of no confidence following pro-Nasser riots in Jerusalem and other centers. A 10-man Jordanian Revolution Command has now been formed by King Hussein's former chief of staff in Damascus, and Hussein has declared a state of emergency and closed the borders to keep the exiles out. As in most Jordanian crises of recent years, three major questions must be posed.

If King Hussein were overthrown would Israel march into the West Bank? It has long been assumed that she would and Mr. Ben-Gurion has implied she would attack if any revolutionary change in Jordan took place. But many observers believe that only the presence of Egyptian troops in Jordan would cause Israel to strike at her Arab neighbor. Nonetheless, the union agreement in Cairo and the recent scare about Egyptian rocketry have revived Israeli fears of encirclement and swift attack. Last week, a group of Congressmen, of

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whom Senator Javits is the most outspoken, sought to promote a defense pact between the US and Israel.

The second question concerns President Nasser's intentions. Before attempting a fresh trial of strength in Jordan, he would no doubt prefer to bring home his 25,000 men from Yemen and see through his own election as President of the new Arab federal state.

But on the Arab front, his main preoccupation is the struggle with his Ba'ath rivals for control of Syria and Iraq. In these circumstances he might consider that a Nasserist Jordan could tilt the scales decisively in his favor. At any rate, Cairo radio tirelessly rails at Hussein, predicting his imminent downfall.

What would Washington do? The US is pumping more than $40 million in aid into Jordan, but finance is only a small part of the involvement. Washington has inherited Britain's aura as the local omnipotent power and is popularly credited with promoting the present trend toward Arab unity under Nasser's aegis. The United States, however, is committed, with the British and French, as signatories of the Tripartite Agreement of 1950 to maintaining the present Israeli-Jordan borders, should any attempt be made to alter them by force, and if this policy is firmly adhered to, it should give any hot-heads in the region sufficient incentive to move cautiously.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Surfeit of Spies

★ The report of the Vassall spy tribunal has been distinctly damaging to the government, despite Prime Minister Macmillan's effort to give the tribunal a double job: to investigate Admiralty security (which has been leaking badly lately) and to get to the root of the often highly speculative stories that appeared in the British press, involving both the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Carrington, and a junior minister there, Mr. Galbraith, in whose office Vassall actually worked as a clerk at $2,100 a year. The tribunal has cleared both Carrington and Galbraith of falling down on their jobs, and in doing so it has demolished much of Fleet Street too. "Fiction" is a word the tribunal uses with sufficient regularity to make more than one newspaper management tremble at the prospect of a major libel action. The report is particularly scathing about stories by a *Daily Mail* reporter, Brendan Mulholland, who is now in jail because he refused to divulge his sources; it even doubts if he had any sources.

But while Fleet Street throbs at its own exposure (and belligerently reminds everyone that it was right about Burgess and Maclean) the appalling fact remains that Vassall operated as a Russian agent inside the Admiralty and the British embassy in Moscow for seven years from 1954 to 1962. (It is small consolation that he does not seem to have been an enterprising spy – probably the chief reason why he escaped detection so long.) It is disquieting that he survived the "positive vetting" procedure brought in precisely to check officials handling top secret naval and atomic information. And what is more, this practicing homosexual hid his vulnerability from British security – but was compromised, blackmailed and hired by the Russians within eight months of his posting to Moscow.

There were three security lapses. The original selection process that cleared Vassall for the Moscow embassy was superficial. (The Admiralty official who is blamed for this is now dead.) Then in 1955 a woman typist at the embassy told her superior that Vassall was a target for a local Russian employee, Sigmund Mikhailski, whom British embassy officials suspected but apparently accepted as the MVD agent they knew rather than have another pushed in by the Russians. But the top brass ignored her warning. Third, the "positive vetting" in 1956 did not include consulting the naval attaché in Moscow – who had expressed a suspicion of Vassall.

Macmillan still has to answer why he first delayed setting up an independent inquiry (the original decision had to be taken in Cuba week when he was certainly preoccupied) and then switched to a juggernaut of a tribunal, with exceptional powers, apparently to try to focus all attention on the sins of the press. The government's face is already blushing as it is because it has failed so far to track down the so-called "Spies for Peace" who released details of Britain's regional seats of government (for use after a nuclear attack) as part of their anti-nuclear publicity during the Aldermaston march at Easter. The leakage here was plainly through a NATO report of Exercise Fallex 62 last year, which had a pretty broad distribution. It is not particularly serious, but its another blot on the copybook of the Home Office and its Special Branch investigators. They couldn't even find Georges Bidault when he arrived clandestinely in London and recorded his famous interview for BBC-TV last January.

HAITI

Papa Doc Squirms

★ President Duvalier has recalled his thugs from the embassy of the Dominican Republic at Port-au-Prince, which they had invaded last week, and the threat of war between Haiti and the Dominican Republic has subsided for the time being. The Haitian secret police, the *Tonton Macoute*, broke into the embassy ostensibly to search for the murderers of three guards, shot down in the streets of the capital as they accompanied the

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President's children. They really were after 22 members of the armed forces who sought asylum there following an abortive Army plot to overthrow Duvalier in April. The dictator has been purging the Army since then. The Dominicans gave Duvalier 24 hours to get out, or it was made quite clear, he could expect a bombardment of the capital – the sort of language which Duvalier understands. An emergency meeting of the Council of the Organization of American States and an investigatory commission set up by it, gave the President the added opportunity to make a graceful withdrawal, of which he immediately availed himself. Later Duvalier filed counter charges against the Dominicans. The Haitians claim the Dominican embassy is used to hatch military plots against them.

President Duvalier's tenure was to end in May of this year, but in 1961 he announced that he had been chosen to serve a second time after an election which the populace had been given to believe was for a new legislature.

"Papa Doc," as Duvalier is called, has maintained his power by keeping the weapons under lock and key, and by establishing for himself a reputation as a master at the art of torture. He has built up the secret police at the expense of the Army, and this has given Washington – which wants to get rid of him – an opportunity to assist Haitian Army officers through a talented mission of US Marines who have helped to train them and given them arms. The Army is considered the one group in the country capable of running it, since the great bulk of the population is uneducated. The tiny mulatto elite has little interest in managing the state.

Now the Marines have been asked to leave; about half of them will be shifted to other duties and the remainder will depart, but their work already is paying off in a large number of defections from the Haitian military. Some of the defectors have already crossed the border into the Dominican Republic, where they will find considerable sympathy since relations between the two neighbors on the island of Hispaniola has never been cordial.

ADENAUER TRIED HARD, BUT COULD NOT BLOCK ERHARD

West Germany's Next Chancellor

Bonn

Up to the very last moment, Chancellor Adenauer continued to oppose the nomination of Ludwig Erhard as his successor by the Christian Democratic Party. On the morning of April 22 the Chancellor gathered around him the small band of paladins who might have been ready to help keep him in office until 1965 – the Minister for Special Affairs, Heinrich Krone; for Labor, Theodor Blank; for Posts, Paul Luecke; and for Laender Affairs, Alois Niederalt. Krone was the man to win the confidence of the younger members of the party executive; Blank was the ostensible representative of the Trade Union wing of the Party.

Luecke and Niederalt (the latter a little-known man who was reported to have said "Don't make me laugh" when a colleague told him of his Ministerial appointment last December) had an even more important role. Adenauer hoped that these two trusty Bavarians would gain him the support of the powerful and semi-independent Bavarian branch of the Party. But Luecke and Niederalt told the Chancellor it couldn't be done. The Bavarians solidly support Franz-Josef Strauss, the deposed Minister of Defense, who is nursing a bitter grievance against Adenauer because the Chancellor failed to support him over the "*Spiegel* Affair." Strauss had been appointed some weeks ago as the third man of a Party commission set up to look into the question of Adenauer's succession. Strauss refused to work with the commission and he did not even meet Adenauer on the morning of April 22, when all three members of the commission were summoned by the Chancellor.

When the executive of the Parliamentary Party convened on April 22 Adenauer played his last three cards. He spoke strongly against Erhard's nomination, citing his frequently repeated argument that the Vice Chancellor knows little about foreign affairs. He next suggested that there were excellent alternative candidates. Finally, he asked that the decision be postponed, on the ground that both Kennedy and de Gaulle will visit Bonn during the summer and should not be received by a Chancellor under notice of dismissal.

All three arguments failed. The great majority of the Christian Democrats want Erhard, and they had become desperately impatient. No alternative candidate, moreover, was available. Both Krone and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Gerhard Schroeder, stated that they were not prepared to run against Erhard. The

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battle was over. Erhard's election by the Bundestag will be a mere formality. The Christian Democrats should unite solidly behind him, and the Free Democrats have already said he will have their votes. Even the opposition Social Democrats are not likely to oppose him; for them the departure of Adenauer is a great relief.

The road ahead will be far from easy for Erhard. Adenauer may put a smiling face on things, but he has sought so ostentatiously to demean and ridicule Erhard that he may find it impossible to treat him now as friend, colleague and successor-elect. Moreover, according to present plans, Adenauer will remain chairman of the Christian Democratic Party at least until the end of next year. In this post he will continue to wield considerable power. Believing Erhard unversed in foreign affairs, disliking fat men, embittered by his exclusion from the confidence of the new ruler, will Adenauer try to unseat him after October of this year? It is by no means unthinkable.

The second thing to note about Erhard's virtually certain election as Chancellor is the effect on the government of the Federal Republic. The present Christian Democratic-Free Democratic coalition will certainly function more smoothly. The Free Democratic chairman, Erich Mende, will enter the Cabinet as Vice Chancellor. The two men are friends and this should do much to end the bitterness between the two parties. Erhard is not a man to nourish grievances, and Blank, Luecke and Niederalt will not suffer reprisals.

Erhard's election as Chancellor will also bring decentralization of authority within the Cabinet. Adenauer has rightly been portrayed as a "man of lonely decisions." Erhard will encourage Ministers to produce ideas as well as to implement Cabinet decisions. Two Ministers should benefit particularly, Gerhard Schroeder and the Minister of Defense, Kai-Uwe von Hassel. Schroeder's star is firmly in the ascendant; he has been wise to turn down the chance of running against Erhard, for the reputation which he has already made as Foreign Minister will grow in the next year or two; Schroeder could well become Chancellor in 1965. The odds are that the Christian Democrats will now begin to stem the political tide which has been running against them. Schroeder, like Erhard, could well be accepted by the Social Democrats as the leader of a "big," all-party coalition representing Germany's national interests.

What of Erhard's limitations? Far too much has been written about his "undue" concentration on economic affairs and his alleged "weakness" during the various show-downs which he has had with Adenauer. Erhard has, quite rightly, looked on his management of the country's economy as his essential role. He has made a tremendous success of it. His "weakness" has been only relative, for what other Minister has stood up to Adenauer in the last 15 years? A single one, Gustav Heinemann, resigned because he opposed the Chancellor's policies. But resignation can be regarded as an admission of defeat. Erhard has survived his many batterings at the Chancellor's hands.

The Chancellor-to-be has a flexible and inquiring mind. He is a keen protagonist of the wider Atlantic Community which may eventually be formed from the kernel of the Europe of the Six. He favors the free trading policies which develop world trade and do most to expand the economies of the underdeveloped countries. In his personal attitude to politics he is liberal, cooperative, enlightened. Once the shadow of Adenauer has gone there is no reason why his talents should not blossom. In any event, he will be a much better Chancellor than his critics maintain. Lacking Adenauer's luster, he will bring common sense and a much-needed spirit of toleration to his high office.

TERENCE PRITTIE

"AGAINST WHOM ARE WE ARMING THE LATIN AMERICANS?"

On Military Aid

Buenos Aires

Eleven years ago US military aid to Latin America amounted to $200,000. By 1957 it had jumped to over $44 million and for fiscal year 1963 it was about $75 million. Why the rise? In any nuclear war the contribution of these forces to Western security could only be minimal. Their combined strength is about three-quarters of a million men, and their equipment ranges from conventional American weapons to stockpiles of non-standardized material bought from the Allies after World War II, now in many cases obsolete. Conceivably, they could serve some function in a non-nuclear war, but because of the precarious nature of most Latin American Governments it is difficult to believe that most of them could or would fight outside the contin-

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ent. In this century only five of the republics have engaged a foreign enemy, and in three instances – World Wars I and II and the Korean War – their participation was more symbolic than substantial. The military's justification must, therefore, lie in its power to stamp out subversion – specifically, Communist subversion.

To certain industrial or oligarchical interests in Latin America, of course, any group is "subversive" if it is committed to nationalizing key sectors of the economy, or to electing a democratic government which inevitably would be either nationalist or left-wing – inevitably because something like five percent of the South American population owns over 60 percent of the agricultural land; inevitably because the bulk of industry is owned by foreign companies who, despite their public-relations experts, are more concerned with siphoning off profits than in contributing to internal development.

Despite the propaganda which percolates through the other republics from Havana, the Communist Party is not strong in South America. Its largest support in the hemisphere comes from Argentina where the CP has 100,000 members – in effect less than half of one percent of the total population. The figure is correspondingly less in other republics. The Communists have accommodated to their weakness by forming official or unofficial alliances with other parties, most notably in Chile with the socialists and in Brazil with the leaders of the Peasant Leagues in the poverty-stricken Northeast. Thus, although the Communists are active, numerically they alone are not sufficiently threatening in Latin America to require the $2 billion plus that has been spent since the end of World War II on armaments "for national defense and against subversion." And indeed that is not why this amount has been spent. The purpose of most of these military establishments has been not so much to check Communists as to check Nationalists and the parties of the Left, ranging from Peru's Haya de la Torre to Argentina's Arturo Frondizi.

If it is doubtful that this considerable outlay is needed to counter Communist subversion, economically the situation is not even open to doubt; not one of the republics can claim to be able to afford its "defense" expenditures. Argentina, to give one example, has a 1962-63 budget which allocates over 37 million pesos for its armed forces – more than double the 17 million allocated for education and about eight times more than the amount marked down for Health and Social Assistance. Nor is this exceptional: Brazil, Chile and Peru all join her in spending over 20 percent of their annual budgets on defense.

On the other hand, Latin American governments are spending an average of under $22 on each pupil in their schools; or to put it another way, only 2.2 percent of the Gross National Product is being used to develop the trained workers Latin America needs. Yet if the Continent is going to reach even an adequate educational level in the next 10 years or so, says UNESCO, spending on primary education will have to increase by 55 percent; expenditures on secondary education will have to go up by 152 percent.

The situation is similar in housing. Argentina is short a million and a half units and the shortage increases by 10 percent each year. In Chile 86 percent of the working class live in one room only, and the 100,000 who drag their lives out in the slum areas around the capital are only a variation on a theme repeated from Mexico City to Rio to Lima.

Life expectancy in South America averages just under 45 years and drops to 32 in General Stroessner's Paraguay. Daily caloric intake in Bolivia is one-third below recognized subsistence levels, and according to the International Labour Organization 27.3 percent of Chile's population suffer from "serious malnutrition" and another 11 percent from "desperate malnutrition." For every doctor in Latin America there are well over 3,000 patients, and in Chile infant mortality is 120 for every thousand live births.

Admittedly in some of the republics the Army has been a power for good – Uruguay is an example that comes readily to mind – but it is far from proved that the political benefit of having the armed forces prepared to intervene in public life has outweighed the disadvantages. Knowing that elections are likely to be nullified if the vote runs contrary to the wishes of the generals, Latin Americans tend to become either apathetic or increasingly sympathetic to extremists. The end product is a sense of futility or an endless fragmentation of political parties. As the Rector of the University of Montevideo puts it, "You reach a position where everyone knows that in the elections you can vote but you cannot choose."

By picking up the tab for about 10 percent of Latin America's military bill – with, it seems, no firm control over the way the aid is spent, except on allocation to one of the three branches and the general limitation that chosen weapons should be bought in the US – America becomes guilty by association, held partially responsible for perpetuating the armed forces as a privileged elite. (Over 30,000 retired officers in Argentina are on full pay!) A shadow falls even on the Alliance for Progress which is not uncommonly described by the Latin American Left as "the new American imperialism."

For many the basic question is that posed by a Colombian politician when he asked: "Against whom are we arming the Latin Americans? . . . We're creating armies which carry no weight in the international balance, but which are monstrous destroyers of the internal life of each nation. Each one of our countries is being occupied by its own army." Alex Neish

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Murray Kempton

Pilgrimage to Jackson

Bill Moore knew where he was headed and why, when he started on his way to deliver a message to the Governor of Mississippi, but he could not have known why he would be murdered.

Fort Payne, Alabama

The State of Alabama, itching faintly in its conscience and outraged violently in its public relations sense, has charged Floyd Simpson, a grocer, with having murdered William Moore, a pilgrim, on US Highway 11, 28 miles from here, an hour or so after dark.

Bill Moore had set himself to walk from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., where, as a white man, he would ask Governor Ross Barnett to begin to understand the aspirations of Negroes to "be gracious and give more than is immediately demanded of you." He planned to cover 40 miles a day pushing his belongings in a supermarket cart fitted with the sign, "Equal Rights for All – Mississippi or Bust."

He had left Black's Motel here before seven in the morning on April 23. He must have struggled on after dark in hopes of maintaining his schedule. His feet were blistered; he had traveled only 28 miles; he had taken off his shoes and was in his stocking feet when he was shot in the head with a .22 rifle.

Except for the blisters, Moore must have enjoyed his day, stopping now and then to answer the questions of passers-by and to write down what they said. These were notes for his book. Most of the words he recorded seemed to him friendly.

Moore's first obituaries called him a mailman, but he was by conviction a writer. *The Mind in Chains*, his only published book, came from Exposition Press in 1955. It was a history of the delusion which had led to his commitment to a New York State mental health hospital in Binghamton. Moore's condition then seems to have been paranoid – not the delusion of being persecuted, but the conviction of being specially blessed, which was the paranoia of evangelical times and with which George Fox, for one, may have built a church.

William Moore remembered the weeks just before his commitment as "the happiest days of my life." He believed, in his exaltation that every stranger he met had been put there to help him by some mysterious plan of his guardian angel; that he was protected by friends he did not even know.

Moore's father visited Bill's psychiatrist at the Binghamton hospital and reported his findings back to the son: "You have a very keen mind. Dr. List says that there is just one corner of it where the gears do not mesh properly. He says you have ideals which are contrary to normal society."

He had tried his parents even as a boy because he took what they said literally. "When I heard that being a garbage man was one of the least desirable occupations, I thought of being one because someone had to do the job." He was 11 when he read of the Children's Crusades and he ran away to go to Jerusalem to fight for Jesus. "Hadn't I been taught, didn't Daddy once say, that nothing was foolish or impossible if only I set my mind to it." The father who paid this occasional obeisance to illusion was the only father Bill Moore heard; his mind did not respond when the same father, home from his grocery, explained: "You think you can go out in the world and do great things. You think you can become a hero. But you can't. The world is too large. So just try to be average, to be ordinary. Find your place, stay here and be happy."

But, in high school, Bill Moore found a teacher who assured him that he needed only courage to save the world. His parents told him that the man was crazy and that Bill must see him no more. Bill obeyed, but he had settled on that poor man all the faith that earlier mystics used to feel at the moment of intimacy with God. In 1944, he went into the Marines, against his father's will; because his teacher had been a Marine. He had fought on Guam. After the war, his teacher died of cancer, and Bill Moore fled to England, then came back to Johns Hopkins for graduate work. There he began to believe that his teacher had shammed death so that he could become a secret adviser of President Eisenhower's and that he was even now preparing a high place in these councils for his true and faithful pupil. In 1953, that delusion carried Bill Moore to the hospital in Binghamton; he was discharged as cured only because he decided at last that he had been mistaken, his master must be dead, there was no plan.

His cure had one peculiar result. At the time he was declared insane, his politics were devout but orthodox enough; he thought, for example, that MacArthur was

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the greatest American and that President Truman should have won the Korean War by invading China. When he came out of the hospital, he was of a different mind. Peace and civil rights movements were what engaged him. He toyed with the idea of a "peace walk" to Vietnam, explaining that he had had a Vietnamese friend a decade earlier "who was sympathetic with the Ho Chi Minh movement for independence for that country. He hoped that his countrymen and mine would never have to fight one another. Now it appears that we do. I have lost touch with him, but I am distressed at the thought of his countrymen and mine killing each other." But he gave up the idea: "I don't exactly relish the prospect of being made hash of," and anyway, "I suppose it's futile to try and pass judgment on people or nations."

Moore married, moved to Baltimore and worked as a substitute postman; the friends he made were other nonviolent activists; he does not seem to have known any of them very well. Then, when he had ten days leave, after Easter, he went South on his pilgrimage.

He wrote down notes of his conversations on US 11 to remind himself of the things which might tell whoever read his book what Southerners are like. He may have softened the occasions when strangers were harsh; he does give the impression that in the main they were agreeable. After his murder, the police took Moore's diary and used it for clues. Of all the uses Bill Moore might have conceived for his notes, the last would be evidence in a murder case. He began a trip of reconciliation; three days later his record of that trip is most useful as an implement of police vengeance.

He Didn't Bother Anybody

J. C. Gilbreath, who owns Black's Motel, remembered Moore coming for a room a little after ten o'clock his first night in De Kalb County.

"I would have thought him a salesman on vacation. I took him to his room and then I saw the cart. I said you better get a license plate for that and he laughed. Then I saw the signs, but of course I didn't say anything, because they were his privilege. Next morning I got up and I could just see him far off on the road."

George Knowles, chief deputy for the De Kalb County sheriff, caught up with Moore later that morning.

"I asked him, 'Are you tired?' 'No. no,' he said, 'not too bad.' I said, 'If you'll allow me I think you should take the next bus and go back North. It could get rough for you South of here. He laughed about that, so I wished him luck and he went on.

"In these cases," Knowles said, "you'd naturally look for something mental. I looked at him very carefully. He had a nice expression, very open. And he didn't bother anybody; he didn't seem to have spoken to anyone unless they spoke to him first."

Moore had finished lunch that last Tuesday and was four miles south of Colbran, a depressed suburb of Fort Payne, when a farmer came across his field to ask him what his signs meant.

Moore answered with a laugh:

"I'm one of those Nigger-lovers you hear about."

The farmer does not remember that he felt any particular affront; but when he went shopping at Floyd Simpson's grocery in Colbran that afternoon, he thought enough of the apparition to mention it. Floyd Simpson then went down the road in his car to see Moore. There is no record of their conversation, but Simpson came back with the additional intelligence that Moore's cart also carried a sign which alerted the public to watch out for Jesus Christ, a dangerous criminal at large.

Moore's effects have been locked away for evidence; what he called his "Jesus " poster does not seem to have been included in the items Coroner Noble Yocum displayed for the photographers the night of the murder. This omission may have been dictated by respect for Moore's memory; officers who can discuss a civil rights slogan with complete detachment almost blush to think that a man they judge upper middle class could carry around a "Wanted" poster for Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Charles Cagle, Moore's aunt, lives in Birmingham, 88 miles from here and she and her husband came to Gadsden to identify the body. Tony Reynolds, an Etowah County deputy, talked to them almost an hour.

"His aunt said he'd written that he would stop in in Birmingham on his walk and they'd written back to say please not to come. He'd written back saying that he'd see them. They said it was impossible ever to get him mad."

He lowered his voice; he had come to the worst of the family's sorrows:

"The thing that upset them most was that sign about Jesus Christ. They were nice Christian people."

The thing – by now it is generally called the Anti-Christ sign – must certainly be the *New Masses* cartoon where Art Young drew a thick-bearded Christ as Rebel and labeled it "Wanted – agitator, carpenter by trade, revolutionary, consorter with criminals and prostitutes." Its point, of course, is that if Jesus were alive today, nice Christians would harry Him.

The Floyd Simpson who confronted this old notion on US Highway 11 was a former textile hand who had been a sergeant in the Army, is the father of five children and husband of a Fort Payne girl who had been slightly his social better. None of these things equipped him for historical and theological speculations. The Anti-Christ sign on Moore's cart seemed to Simpson an affront where the civil rights signs were only an annoyance. When his landlord, Gaddis Killian, came

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back home, Simpson told him about the wayfarer.

Gaddis Killian is a mailman, and his fellow citizens of Colbran have come to know him as their highest authority on matters in the great world. He seems, to the fleeting eye, the only one of them with any sign of nervous energy. That difference has been a terrible pain to him; he so wore himself down with his mail route, his grocery store and his church work that he has been in the hospital with nervous exhaustion twice in the past two years. His neighbors think him kind as well as wise; in Fort Payne the weekend after Bill Moore died, they said: "Gad wouldn't hurt a fly." Even so, an old high school mate says, "Gad's gotten to be a terrible radical lately. You can't talk to him any more. He just keeps on saying we been sold out to the Communists and the Catholics."

Killian and Simpson went back down to find Moore and ask him if he were a Christian. Simpson seems only to have listened while Killian and the stranger talked about God. The conversation, like all the others that day, is remembered by the survivors as amiable. "A couple of men . . . drove up and questioned my political and religious beliefs," Moore wrote in his diary. " 'Now I know what you are.' [Presumably Killian's remarks about Moore.] And one was sure I'd be killed for them." There is no other record of their talk except this inconclusive one; Mrs. Killian reported that her husband came back to say: "That man fascinates me. I must go back and see him again." Still she says Gad did not go back, although he kept talking about the incident, and no one can say what shape the mysterious stranger had assumed four hours later when someone somewhere went out and killed him. But, if the police are right, if Floyd Simpson made that trip, the shape was not the one Bill Moore thought he had assumed when he began his walk. He had accepted the chance of death; but he and everyone else thought he would be killed for carrying a civil rights sign through Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. Instead, the police believe, he was killed for carrying a sign which appeared to defame the Lord Jesus.

"Gad Said He's in Bed . . ."

Alabama's Governor George Wallace moved to find Moore's murderer with all the passion of a man sensitive to his state's public image. Again and again, one is told of the hope that the North won't think the wrong things about Alabama. That is the spirit of most of the concern. A Baltimore friend told Bill Moore just before he started out that it was naïve to think that walking to Mississippi would do any good, unless, of course, he was going to get killed. But that is nonsense. The real achievement would have been for Moore to walk all the way to Jackson, carrying his signs and talking to everyone who asked him questions. His trip had a point; his death has no point at all.

The Alabama State Police picked up Floyd Simpson at his store two days after the killing. The sheriff of De Kalb County who calls him "Floyd" turned him over to the Governor's men. That afternoon, Gaddis Killian, who had been on his mail route when the police came for him, arrived in Gadsden, a voluntary witness. He knew nothing; with all his other troubles, he has claustrophobia; the state sent him home in a few hours, cleared it seemed of the smallest suspicion. Even so the sheriff of De Kalb County was deputed to ask Killian a few more questions; he would have called Killian in right away, but then "Gad said he's in bed and feels awful, so I guess I'll go down and see him later." Slowly, the sheriff's office returned to its old independent fraternal manners.

Mrs. Simpson was at the store packing a change of jail clothing for her husband, to be carried to Gadsden by his brother Morris. Morris waited outside looking at some arrowheads a farmer had found. He looked at a long one: "Go right through a man," he said admiringly. It was time for his errand of mercy; Mrs. Simpson asked him to wait while she went back for cigarettes which Floyd would certainly want. Then Morris was gone, leaving his mother, his brother's children and sister-in-law to sit on the porch with worries about being alone, and the costs of a trial.

As soon as the town folk of Colbran were sure it was Floyd the police blamed, then Colbran began to know that it could not be Floyd, because it could not be any one of them. One of Floyd's friends said that maybe the Governor is beginning to wonder if he hadn't moved too fast; he must have expected some tramp and here his police had given him instead this man everybody knew. By the weekend the store was filled with friends bringing Mrs. Simpson assurance that it would come out right. A photographer came by to take her picture; he was thrown out. Fort Payne is all the Family of Man these people know; the family was closing ranks.

Bill Moore's aunt in Birmingham was his closest tie within reach. It might help to talk to someone who had known Bill Moore before the last day of his life.

Mrs. Cagle stood behind her locked screen door.

"Too much has been said already. We don't want to read any more about him. If you men will grant my request and his family's you'll print nothing more about him. He wasn't, uh, responsible."

And Bill Moore's family closed ranks too, taking every other part of him into its care and shutting out only his delusion. By now the most important thing about that last day was suddenly the affectionate recollection of those North Alabama cops. They, of all people, had at least taken him on his own terms.

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Britain's North-South Problem

Alastair Burnet

Since 1945 the British electorate has been encouraged to regard anything over two percent unemployment as almost wildly abnormal. Until last fall, in fact, when Britain's indifferent economic expansion after the heady boom of 1958-59 finally ground to a halt, the chief fear that economists and a few daring politicians talked about was "over-full employment." London and the Midlands, with their growth industries, had a perennial excess of unfilled vacancies; in recessions, firms continued to hoard workers because they knew competitors would gobble them up otherwise; and wage rates rose steadily above national agreements, drawing men from less well-paid jobs like the railways. Even in the North and West the traditional heavy industries stumbled on. The shipyards were reprieved by the Suez tanker boom of 1956-57 and order books took another three or four years to run down. Politics dictated that coal should still be mined from uneconomic pits for stockpiling. The steel firms went on an investment spree after the Conservative victory in 1959. Even where the North was in trouble (and the Tories actually lost seats in West Scotland and Lancashire in 1959) the normal migration of the young southwards or to Canada and Australia kept the regional unemployment figures at little over the three percent mark. The one exception was Northern Ireland, where a belated drift off the land and an impossibly small local market around Belfast have meant a postwar unemployment rate fluctuating between 6 and 10 percent.

Now this comfortable, immobile and often inefficient pattern is breaking down. Unemployment began rising unseasonably from mid-summer last year: as firms saw their profit margins being slashed, the "dishoarding" of workers grew apace. The National Coal Board's closure of narrow-seam, low-productivity mines became apparent at the labor exchanges. The shipyards had gone flat. By the end of the year steel was running at little more than two-thirds of capacity. Private investment slumped, and deliberate government spending came too late to take up the slack. Then the big freeze-up took a hand, halting all constructional work until early March. Unemployment at the mid-February count reached 3.9 percent (878,000 workers) and in the North of England, Scotland and Wales it was over 6 percent. The figures are tumbling again now with the better weather and the motor industry's prosperity (helped by cuts in the sales tax on cars last fall), but the basic rate of wholly unemployed may still be rising by as much as 20,000 a month. Willy-nilly, Britain is having to shed some of its fat in the struggle to survive outside Europe. But in the North, with less than its share of the consumer goods industries that sprouted in the 1950's, the pinch of efficiency has begun to hurt.

The big problem facing the Chancellor of the Exchequer is how to restimulate the North without bringing on galloping inflation in London and Birmingham. Two years ago Selwyn Lloyd faced the same problem in reverse: how to check runaway wage pressure in the technologically-advanced South without giving the North chronic anemia. This North-South problem is not new. It was obvious in the depression of the 1930's when the heavy industries, settled on the Victorian coalfields, dwindled; the unemployed (and the young, skilled and ambitious of that generation) trekked southward; and the Thames valley mushroomed with new light industry plants and mock-Tudor housing.

The troubles of the North are not intractable, but they often look that way. Its Victorian industries have shot their bolt. At the same time the social environment of the Victorian cities, and even more of the middle-sized manufacturing towns with back-to-back houses and outdoor privies, has no incentive for bright young people to stay – far less for inducing firms (and executives' wives) to move in Local enterprise in the North has often lost confidence in itself: the commonest, and only partly mythical, explanation is the decimation of the local officer class in the 1914-18 war, which hit family businesses heaviest of all because the big corporations in London swept up the remaining talent. Certainly, as industry has congealed into corporate agglomerations, economic power has moved even more into London, where political power already resided. Since 1945 the bulk of new; science-based firms have set up within a mere 3½ hours traveling time of London: for defense and other industries dependent on government contracts proximity to Whitehall is a compelling argument.

What can be done? Both Labour and Tory Governments have set out to steer industry northward, negatively by refusing industrial development certificates when Southern firms seek permission (as they must) to expand on their present sites. In this way the motor industry, much against its will, has been persuaded since 1959 to set up branch plants in Scotland and on

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Merseyside. (Now Ford is threatening to move a new development to West Germany if they cannot have it near their main Dagenham works.) Since 1945, too, foreign companies – American business machines, electronics and others – have been pushed by the authorities into Scotland and Ulster.

The positive inducements to British industry for moving north vary: government grants and loans are made for buildings and machinery in specified "development areas" (in practice, those with over 6 percent unemployment). In his budget last month Maudling has allowed firms expanding in these areas to choose their own depreciation rate for tax purposes – letting the businessman write off 100 percent of the value of his plant in the first year if he wants to. The government also builds "advance factories" for renting to firms: 19 were announced last year, 13 more in April of this year.

In addition, the government has put up money to help private firms develop major enterprises, among them £30 million for a steel strip mill to serve the new Northern motor plants and £10 million for a pulp mill in the Scottish Highlands (where, otherwise, the future holds only tourism and, if the home and European markets expand, a slow increase in beef cattle). The Labour Party wants to extend this practice by making such projects state enterprises, or at least taking a proportionate share in the equity of the firms concerned. (Labour leaders like George Brown are wisely sitting hard on their left-wingers' demands for outright direction of industry.) Maudling himself likes the idea of employing under-used capacity in the North to fulfill Commonwealth aid orders: thus loans are being given to India, Pakistan and Ghana on condition that they buy their steel plate, sugar machinery and ships from Britain's depressed regions. Labour's new leader, Harold Wilson, has made even more enthusiastic noises about this. The Tories may also be pushed toward a scrap-and-build program for Britain's own merchant shipping fleet before the next election.

A Better Long-Term Bet

But there are many local difficulties still. First, the existing Local Employment Act, passed in 1960, concentrates too much on aid to specific depressed areas (which are often sleazy shipyard towns or hopeless coalfield villages) so that potential growth areas 10 or 20 miles away, with better houses and communications, play only a restricted part in what should properly be a regional regeneration. Second, the consumer goods industries, whose natural market lies within the prosperous West European triangle, Birmingham-Paris-Dusseldorf, are still very reluctant to set up in the less affluent Celtic fringe. Science-based capital industries look a better long-term bet – and for these Scotland, in particular, has long had a surplus of science graduates. Third, not enough is being done to make the unemployment areas tolerable to live in: 60,000 slum families are rehoused in the Northern conurbations each year, but this does not even keep up with the rate of decay in housing built 75-100 years ago. And fourth, too much of the North is short of the general technical skills needed for the second half of the 20th Century.

Managements and top union leaders invariably confess themselves appalled by the antiquated five-year apprenticeship system, much of which is spent brewing tea and carrying other workers' tools. But management, especially in the North, has a bad record for releasing men for technical training. There are now 13 small government-run training centers and 18 more are to be built, but their total annual "graduates" look like being little more than 8,000 men (and the railways alone are due to shed 70,000 employees in the next two years). When the government suggested three training centers for Scotland and the Northeast last December, the local unions dug their heels in at the whole idea of this uncontrolled invasion of their ranks. Yet the men were to be retrained for the engineering and construction industries – both spheres in which, according to the National Economic Development Council, Britain cannot now hope to hit the accepted official target of four percent growth per year because of lack of skilled manpower. Maudling is now belatedly considering tax changes that would help to set up redundancy and retraining schemes in private industry at large; the present state unemployment benefit, though raised in March, is far too low to encourage workers to leave what is often subsidized public housing and move to more hopeful regions.

There are dynamic and expanding firms in Britain; there are mobile, adaptable people. But never before have they seemed to be so concentrated in the South. That is why there is so much talk, and genuine worry, about the "two nations." To help to reverse the drift, to ease the costly congestion in London, and to give the North a new opinion of itself, your correspondent suggested in the columns of *The Economist* last December that Queen, Parliament, civil service, press, industrial lobbyists and the rest should move to a new, ultra-modern capital, a British Brasilia, up in Yorkshire. Government is a growth industry in its own right – and a nationalized one that could be moved. The idea got flattering attention from editorial writers, the House of Commons and television. It wasn't meant to be taken entirely seriously, but the evidence that has come flooding in, publicly and privately, since then suggests that some radical structural shift – a deliberate effort to replan the geography of Britain – will be needed to tackle the basic disparity between these two societies.

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Predicaments of Soviet Writing – I

by Irving Howe

Though a remarkable book, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* is not the masterpiece certain reviewers have taken it to be. It deserves a place among the documents of revelation with which our century is crowded, but as a novel *One Day* is too constricted and repressed to merit the praise it has received.

Reading the book has left me with a quantity of feelings, not all of them literary; but then only a cretin could read such a book "purely" in literary terms. There are first the demands of history – which is to say, the demands of the fallen – and these should be honored in whatever way one can. Solzhenitsyn's record of the horrors and humiliations suffered by innocent men in Stalin's slave camps forced my mind back to a few decades ago, when many American intellectuals, some of them contributors to *The New Republic* and other liberal journals, were passionately denying the very existence of such camps. And now the truth has come out, under the restraining hand of the sober dictator who is heir to the mad one. But had Khrushchev not given the signal, would not many "progressive" intellectuals in the West still be denying the terror of Stalinism and denouncing this novel as a reactionary slander? Yes, here is the truth; but what is the value of a truth that comes too late? The dead it cannot recall, and the deluded have already found new delusions.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich
by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
translated by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley
(Praeger; $3.95)
– Another version
translated by Ralph Parker
(Dutton; $3.95)

Fantastic Stories
by Abram Tertz
translated by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley
(Pantheon; $3.95)

One Day yields, more than anything else, a beautiful sense of its author as a Chekhovian figure: simple, free of literary affectation, wholly serious. It is *he*, Solzhenitsyn, the man remembering with sobriety and perhaps too much control, who emerges most vividly from the book. He does not speak in his own right, yet the image that stays in one's mind is that of a man who has won his way to a tempered humaneness. "How can you expect a man who's warm to understand a man who's cold?" writes Solzhenitsyn, and behind this voice one hears Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov – far, far greater writers but ancestors nevertheless.

The fervid response to *One Day* among Russians is entirely understandable. A time comes when keeping silent about lies and gross injustices makes people sick, not only emotionally but physically; so that the possibility of now talking in public about a book which describes the camps in precise detail, rather than merely venturing an Aesopian reference to them, must have had an enormously liberating effect for many Russian readers.

The response in the United States is something else again. As a revelation of the recent past, *One Day* tells us nothing that many other witnesses – also victims of the Siberian camps – have not told. True, there is the fact that the book could now appear openly in Russia, which should evoke satisfaction and analysis. But more seems to be involved in the American turmoil over Solzhenitsyn. There is first a certain national smugness, a readiness to put everything to the uses of the Cold War. And then, at the opposite pole intellectually, there is a barely expressed feeling that by loudly welcoming these revelations about the Stalin dictatorship it may be possible to patch up an accommodation with its more restrained successor. All this, for good and bad, is unavoidable; one can legitimately criticize the quality of the extra-literary responses to the book; but it is utterly tiresome to suppose that a sensitive human being could read *One Day* without bringing into play his deepest moral and political convictions.

If, however, we do try to examine the book simply as a novel, what do we find? A work that is modest in scope, pure in tone, utterly authentic in treatment, but with a number of severe limitations. The control Solzhenitsyn exerts over his narrative seems to me excessive and self-denying, an inhibition revealing the extent to which even a writer of complete integrity finds himself anticipating – or "introjecting" – the totalitarian censorship. In *One Day* tautness of realistic notation becomes a means of limiting imaginative power, and the need for faithful recollection, a cause for repressing the dangers of meaning. The book is emotionally parched.

A parallel observation has been made by Marvin Kalb, the Moscow correspondent who wrote an introduction to the Dutton edition of *One Day*:

> "How far has Khrushchev stretched the limits of what can and cannot be said in print? Although this is a bold and original book, could it have been bolder if the system had not held it back? There are old Bolsheviks here [in Moscow] who, while praising *One Day*, point out that there was more to the labor camp story than fatalistic acceptance. The innocent Ivans, unprotesting and mild, were the majority; but there were others, more politically sophisticated, who refused to accept the injustice of the system. . . . They planned and occasionally tried to carry out revolts. . . .
>
> "It is difficult to imagine Khrush-

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chev endorsing a different kind of literary sensation – for example, one in which the main character openly denounces the Communist Party itself, rather than Stalin, for the evils of the labor camps. . . ."

Kalb is quite right, and his analysis (which caused the Russians to cancel their agreement with Dutton) defines the limitations of the book. But within those limitations, it remains impressive: everything rings true, with the terror of verisimilitude. In fact, so impressive is the book that one finds oneself making larger and larger demands upon it.

Partly, it satisfies them. The leading figure, Ivan Denisovich Shukhov, is a peasant, a simple heart, who has fallen into the nightmare of the camps yet keeps some hold on his rough sense of humanity. He is wonderfully presented, that rarity in modern fiction: a genuinely decent man, good not through doctrinal persuasions but simply because there are some things he will not do even for survival. Yet precisely because he is so admirable a figure, Ivan seems too large, too thoroughly "created" for the small frame Solzhenitsyn has provided. In the literary sense he is not sufficiently used, for nothing else in the novel is equal to him and there is no developed action that might fully reveal him. The distance between Ivan and the remainder of the book is the distance between imaginative creation and authentic record.

Finally, a word about the brawl set off by the appearance of two translations of *One Day*. Both strike me as pedestrian, the one by Ralph Parker in a quaintly Victorian style and the one by Hayward and Hingley in a pastiche apparently meant to suggest the American vernacular. But the book survives both renderings and can be read with absorption in either.

More troublesome is a problem raised by the presence of Ralph Parker as translator. The problem has to do – if I may stand a notion of modern criticism on its head – not with the translation, which is said to be accurate, but with the translator. For many years Parker worked as a Moscow correspondent for the Communist papers of London and New York. In 1953, when Stalin died, he wrote that the Russian people grieved like "a family that has lost its father – their own beloved 'Father of Peace' . . . who provided mankind with a free, rich and happy life." (London *Daily Worker*, March 7, 1953).

Now this is the same Stalin who established the slave camps Solzhenitsyn describes and in which he spent over a decade. Is it then morally appropriate that a man such as Parker, who for years served the tyrant and still remains loyal to his successor, should be associated with a book written by one of the victims?

I too, let me hasten to say, am devoted to the separation between literary judgment and political opinion. Yet there are times when moral imperatives make it difficult to keep them separate. I do not question the accuracy of Parker's translation, nor propose any "measures" of retaliation; I simply raise a problem of seemliness. A sense of moral delicacy, to say nothing of shame, might have led Parker to feel that his name had no place, even as a mere translator, on the title page of *this* book.

About Abram Tertz we know nothing except that he is a Russian writer who uses "Tertz" as a pseudonym for clandestine publication in the West. From the internal evidence of his work one would guess that he is an experienced writer in middle age, profoundly involved with the apocalyptic ordeal of modern Russia, and politically close to the "revisionists," those East-European *marrano* intellectuals who speak the language of the Communist world but at heart are liberals and socialists.

Tertz came to the attention of Western readers a few years ago, when his essay "On Socialist Realism" appeared in the French monthly *Esprit* and the American quarterly *Dissent*. This brilliant study, as important to the Russia of tomorrow as Herzen's and Bielinsky's writings to the Russia of yesterday, is a devastating attack on the official doctrine of "socialist realism" and a call for modernist experiment among the younger Russian writers. Tertz also published an excellent story "The Trial Begins" in which the Soviet bureaucracy is portrayed through a mixture of realism and grotesquerie.

His new book of stories is written according to a program set forth in his essay:

> "Right now I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace

Man's Fate

That which is, busy to be, is what we conceive it to be.
The cause, because of its laws, causally caused
Busily bides its time to be what it was.
Becoming and became weren't to blame
Necessity needs its own good season
When is and was each make claim
Contingency mocks the human reason.

I saw an angel dancing. He asked me why I came.
I said to him dear sir, time is not to blame.
I lost my soul like summer skin and dropped it in the sea.
The sea turned round in fishy folds and gave it back to me.

Once that was, was that once, is and was
Because in becoming it became running
Catching the causal hatching, and latching
The is and the was to reason's season
Being the reason, busy to be, necessity
Not being free, negated to be,
And the mocking sea threw my soul back to me.

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realistic descriptions of ordinary life. Such an art would correspond best to the spirit of our time."

This idea leads Tertz to experiment with antirealistic plot and surrealistic imagery. The results, unfortunately, are disappointing, for the stories seem mechanical and willed, more a reaction to Communist dogma than the result of a style organically nurtured.

There is a sense in which both the earnest Solzhenitsyn and the sophisticated Tertz reveal the damage left by Stalinism. Solzhenitsyn writes with clipped realism, Tertz with expressionist fantasy; but neither has yet been able to achieve a full break-through of those emotions which the more independent Russian writers must surely feel when reflecting upon the fate of their country during the last few decades. Neither has yet allowed himself to confront the full extent of his anger.

Tertz, as a self-conscious theorist, writes by counter-formula: since the totalitarian state is mad, only an art of madness can capture its essential tone. But perhaps the totalitarian madness must first be portrayed through a harsh and uninhibited realism, such as arose at the turn of the century when American writers began attacking the inhumanity of capitalism. Only then, after an outbreak of free anger, might there be room for the kind of sophisticated art Tertz desires.

This is the first section of a two-part essay which will be concluded next week.

Virtue in Business

by Asher Brynes

Within a few months after taking office, the senior secretary of Mr. Kennedy's Administration, who presides over the Department of Commerce, was confronted with a scandal. Not in his own department, but among a most prominent group of his constituents – men of such substance that they could in their spare time officiate as church deacons and vestrymen, hospital board members, Chamber of Commerce presidents and bank directors. Their main business was the management of corporations which manufactured heavy electrical equipment – and they did this in such a way that they were found guilty in the federal court at Philadelphia of rigging bids (or fixing prices) and of dividing markets for some $1.75 billion of such equipment a year. Each user of electric power in the US paid for what they had done in his monthly bill. They sweated the whole country to line their pockets.

The Business Conscience
by Luther H. Hodges
(Prentice-Hall; $4)

"What is really at stake here is the survival of the kind of economy under which this country has grown great," said the judge before imposing sentence. Then he committed seven of the defendants to jail, and placed 23 others under probation for five years. All 45 of them, together with their corporations, were fined about $2 million. And as they trooped to their cells, or to make payment of the fines, or to report to their probation officers, Secretary Hodges began to hear from reporters who wanted to know what he planned to do about the chairman of his department's Business Advisory Council, who was also chairman of the General Electric Corporation, biggest of the corporate defendants at the trial.

Secretary Hodges chooses to underplay his role at this point. "I was already having some difficulties with [the Council], which didn't take eagerly to my suggestions that it accept representatives of small business and open up to the press all its meetings involving participation by federal officials. I was reluctant to add to the existing friction by demanding that the GE executive relinquish the chairmanship, although I certainly thought that he should." In fact, Mr. Hodges very strongly *suggested* that he should, while the GE man bided his time for weeks before responding. "He was a realistic and

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practical man," remarks the Secretary drily, "whose first thought apparently was for where he and his company would come out best."

Subsequently the Secretary learned that the roots of this conspiracy went back to the time of the Second World War, when the electrical machinery executives began to meet systematically in order to devise campaigns for securing federal approval for higher prices under the OPA regulations. They were so successful that they continued to meet after the war to fix prices among themselves without federal approval. "Sure," admitted a GE man, such "collusion was illegal, but it wasn't *unethical.* These competitor meetings were just attended by a group of distressed individuals who wanted to know where they were going."

The desire to minimize the wear and tear of competition is common among established businessmen, and these were old hands. But none of them ever talks of minimizing profits too, although the banquet motto of these people is: profit is the reward of risk, and more of the latter justifies more of the former. What intrigued the Secretary of Commerce about this affair, was its historic connection with the OPA. He had been an OPA regulator himself, charged with carrying out the pricing program for the entire textile industry. A group of his acquaintances in that industry once visited him with a horror story. They had an urgent need for price relief. If it were denied them they would have to go out of business and their one-industry (indeed, for the most part one-factory) communities would be prostrated. Yet their requests for remedial action among the price regulators on lower levels got them nowhere; the more they tried, the more they became snarled in red tape. And they offered information which seemed to support their claims.

"Are you giving me the whole story," asked the Secretary in his role as top OPA textile regulator, "are you telling me the whole truth . . . can I be assured that the relief you ask is fair to the government as well as to yourselves?" It did not cross his mind, he says, that as a newly-installed public servant he should have dealt all the more cautiously with old friends. So he bulled their petition through in two days, despite much protest within the agency, because he "wanted to see this thing move . . . and do the right thing."

Years afterward, one of these formerly distressed cotton mill operators confessed in his cups that he and the rest of them had taken advantage of "Old Luther" to bilk the government of more than a million dollars. The information they offered had been rigged.

They also had dishonored a friendship. But there was something else too which the Secretary does not mention explicitly, although it is implied throughout this book. They said, you will remember, that their "one-industry communities" would suffer if they were not given relief. In these small cities or towns they were the trusted leaders in economic affairs; the people looked to them for jobs. They had a duty, they implied, to supply employment. They called on him to help them to do what their communities expected them to do. This was a line of argument that "Old Luther" understood so well that he responded forthwith.

The idea of a public morality which is founded on the rules of ethical behavior in personal relationships is so strongly held by Mr. Hodges that he hardly realizes the degree to which the methods of big business and the mores of big city living have eroded the old foundations for it. What *duty* can a man feel he owes to communities so vast? The Secretary notes that in 1944 alone almost a million OPA violations, for instance, were brought before the various agencies that flourished at that time; this was about equal to the total of conventional crimes of every sort committed in the same period. When so many break the regulations it is too easy to infer that the rules must be badly drawn – that an allowance for evasion is built into the code – and that the honest are docked extra, or pay more. So the cynics, observing this, have coined a piece of wisdom: One *should* expect to pay extra for the consciousness of right doing.

Consider the way lowlier merchants than Mr. Hodges handle this matter. Retailers in all neighborhoods, but particularly the rowdy ones, post an allowance for loss in their books for what is called *pilferage.* A certain percentage of merchandise just walks away every year. No man sees it go, but it isn't there when an inventory is taken. It may be two percent or five percent of the value of the stock, sometimes more. This loss is normally capitalized as a cost of doing business, and if the business itself survives, the customers who don't pilfer pay for it. If it fails, the weight of this loss (together with all the other losses) falls on the head of the luckless bankrupt.

The amount of white-collar crime continues to increase, in proportion to crimes which do not involve fraud or breach of trust. But nobody seems much worried. A vast tolerance for this sort of wrong-doing is built into our mores, apparently. *Pilferage,* as we have seen, can be chalked off as a cost of doing business. But Mr. Hodges emphatically disagrees. He believes that these are evils which must be fought. If we make no effort to cut them back, to eliminate them if it is at all possible, the good society in which the business that made us great and keeps us great, flourishes, will deteriorate.

How? "Individuals make up our corporations and governments. And if we have enough individuals with a conscience, then we will develop corporations and governments with that same conscience." Farther along he says, "In most cases where business acts with a sense of ethical and social responsibility [it] will discover that good ethics is good business." And he illustrates the point on the most general level by recounting a story that appeared briefly in the newspapers after Colonel John H. Glenn, Jr., the first American to orbit around the globe, returned to earth. The Colonel confronted a bunch of roughneck boys who were littering the lawn of a suburban home which he was visiting. Later, at the neighbor-

"THERE WAS *a time when Goldwater could say, and believe it, that Kennedy was a shoo-in, and that, in any event, Rockefeller stood as good a chance, if not better, of leading the GOP to power than he did. But now Goldwater believes Kennedy is beatable—provided the Republicans can sweep the South. And that proviso is one that seems destined to establish Rockefeller, pre-eminently, as the Republican candidate who cannot win.*"

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hood church the same boys acted in an obnoxious way once more. On both occasions the Colonel stepped in and stopped them, as a good citizen with a clear conscience.

But within the same week, in the city of Washington on the other side of the Potomac, a busload of 30 passengers watched in silence while a group of thugs beat up the driver and took his money. When they left, the driver had the wit to ask his passengers for their names as witnesses. They remained silent except for one boy – and he gave, as it turned out, a fictitious address.

In an ultimate sense we live in a mixed society with a mixed economy because there is a mixture of Colonel Glenns and silent bus passengers in this country. And the Secretary's message is that we can tilt the balance one way or the other through personal effort. "Where government regulates, someone has failed to self-regulate." But are personal ethics as applicable to the problems of business management as this formula suggests? There is an adaptive tendency in the business process itself which encourages the ambitious to charge all the traffic will bear; *that* is the rule of trade which prevails on the highway to profit.

The Sorrows of the Rich

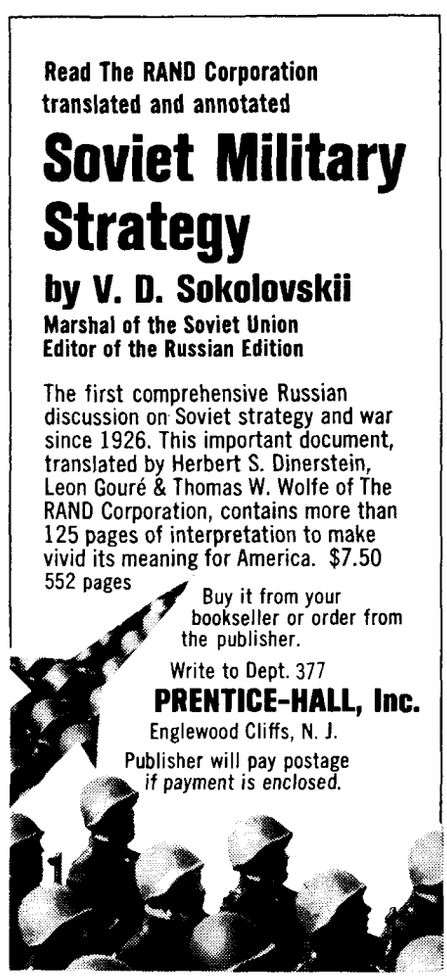
by Frank J. Warnke

Sybille Bedford's *A Favourite of the Gods*, like her earlier novel *A Legacy*, deals with tangled emotional and familial relationships among members of the aristocracy and upper bourgeoisie in early 20th-Century Europe. Both novels are distinguished by brilliantly comic surfaces, but both are shot through with a pervasive sadness. Both novels handle their material with sustained and uncompromising irony. (Miss Bedford is too tough-minded to exploit the pathetic, too sympathetic to aim at the narrowly satiric or even the primarily comic.) *A Legacy* concerned, among other things, the marriage of an Englishwoman to a German aristocrat; *A Favourite of the Gods*, which spreads its focus over three generations, concerns the marriage of an intellectual New England woman to a Roman prince. The first third of the novel presents with fine perception the subtle conflict of cultures which is one of Miss Bedford's typical themes, but the greater part of the book is concerned with Constanza, the offspring of the union, the "favourite" of the title, whose experiences not only document the transition from 19th- to 20th-Century moral attitudes but also end by making her a kind of emblematic figure for the period in which we live.

A Favourite of the Gods
by Sybille Bedford
(Simon & Schuster; $4.50)

Transplanted from the Italy of her childhood after her mother learns of the prince's adultery, Constanza grows to maturity in England in the years immediately before and during World War I. Her temperament, in which the Puritan intellectualism of her mother has been tempered by the humanistic hedonism of her father and her native Rome, struggles for self-realization in a number of affairs and in a doomed marriage with a charming and monumentally self-centered young Englishman. Loving her mother, Constanza does not share her standards; her own values, based on mutual liberty and affection both enjoyed and granted, have no connection at all with the dynastic, ultimately financial and materialistic values of the opulent world of which she is the heiress. The true face of that world, which has shown itself earlier in the World War, shows itself again near the end of the novel when Anna, Constanza's mother, the New England idealist, disinherits her on learning of the sexual freedom of her daughter's life. Money, the ultimate value-symbol of her world, is also the ultimate weapon. But Anna, like all the characters in the novel, is complex. Constanza's discovery that Anna has – on her deathbed – re-endowed her, brings the novel to its problematical conclusion.

A Favourite is absorbing and deeply moving. Like *A Legacy* it possesses a remarkably evocative and sensuous texture, especially in the sections dealing with Constanza's childhood and youth, and a kind of *pointilliste* technique in which swift movements of scene and time are effected almost without transition. Less densely populated than the earlier novel, it nevertheless achieves a comparable authority in characterization. One is hesitant to proffer a quasi-allegorical reading of a novel as firmly rooted in concrete detail as is *A Favourite*, but it seemss certain that, however thoroughly it is subsumed into the work of art, Miss Bedford's real subject is the history of our time. Not the history of wars and conspiracies, although those do play an indirect role in the action of the novel, but rather the history of the spirit, which, writing itself large in politics and mass movements, writes itself with equal clarity in the smaller characters of individual experience – subject to the same pressures of self-aggrandizement and solipsism. The final reality,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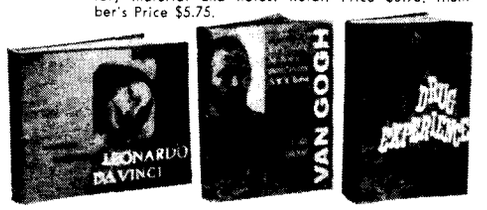

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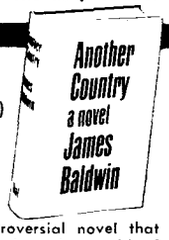

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in Miss Bedford's vision, is human relations, and the final value in that reality is summed up by the epigraph of Forster's *Howard's End* – "Only connect. . ."

Less sanguine than Forster, Miss Bedford casts considerable doubt on the possibility of such connection, and from that doubt comes the abiding sadness in her work. Even when, miraculously, the brute violations of power and money and war are evaded, or the comic misunderstandings of cultural conflict by-passed, the vision of love, victim to human frailty or the slow drain of time, fails of sustained fulfillment. But Miss Bedford's novels, obsessed with a sense of the past, are concerned as well with the present and the future. A hint of continuity is supplied in both *A Legacy* and *A Favourite* by the nominal narrator – a woman who, apparently adult at the time of the narration, is the offspring of protagonists in the story and is miraculously gifted with the ability to render with great immediacy events which occurred when she was a child. (Miss Bedford's technique in this respect is reminiscent of that of Dickens, Dostoevsky, and other of the 19th Century masters.) Flavia the narrator of *A Favourite,* is the daughter of Constanza and the granddaughter of Anna. She, the future, is also heiress to the past, and her words at the denouement of the novel communicate her realization of the bitter wisdom contained in that past: "How is one to live—if every step leads to another?"

A Favourite of the Gods seems to have had more than its share of unfriendly reviews, on both sides of the Atlantic. On reading this novel about rich and cultivated people who live expensively and drink good wine, a number of liberal British reviewers were scandalized – apparently on the principle that, however important that class was during the period in which the novel is set, its members are no fit subject for fiction. Not the sort of people one would invite into one's kitchen. On our side of the ocean, socialist virtue does not supply the measure by which Miss Bedford's novel has been found wanting. The respectable organs of popular criticism (*e.g.*, the *New York Times*), at ease only with pseudo-novels which are either ill-disguised documentaries or adolescent fantasies, have been simply confused and hence angry. But then our popular culture is always confused by art – especially art which is, like Miss Bedford's, severe in its intellectual demands and unyielding in its adherence to complex realities.

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FILMS

A Cold Season

Ingmar Bergman's new film *Winter Light* is relatively short (80 minutes), but then none of his films is long. Most of them run 90 minutes or so. Like *Through a Glass Darkly,* the new one is a "chamber" work: *i.e.*, he uses relatively few actors and settings. The time-span of the story is shorter than in the last film. There is no score; the only music occurs in church services.

Winter Light (Janus)
The Idiot (Shochiku)

It takes place on one wintry Sunday in a country clergyman's life, between matins and vespers. The subject is another aspect of the subject of the last film, a crisis in faith. The pastor, a widower, is having an affair with a spinster schoolteacher who loves him and wants to marry him but whom he does not love. One of his parishioners, a fisherman with three children and a pregnant wife, is in a state of depression, deepened by the immanence in the world of nuclear-bomb threats. Brought by his wife, the fisherman talks to the pastor after morning service. The pastor's own spiritual bankruptcy is glaringly revealed in their talk. After the fisherman leaves, there is an agonized dialogue between the pastor and the teacher; then word comes that the fisherman has killed himself. There is a visit to the death scene (by a stream); another tormented exchange between the teacher and the pastor in her schoolroom; a visit to the new widow to tell her the bad news; then on to another church at twilight, where the pastor slips back almost desperately into clerical routine.

The theme, again, is how, what, whether to believe. The protagonist is again middle-aged (played by the same Gunnar Bjornstrand who was the novelist in the last film. There is even a reference to the "spider God" which reminds us of the appearance of the insect during the daughter's hallucination in that film). Bereavement of his beloved wife, abrasion by the teacher's attentions, bewilderment by his incompetence in faith have put the pastor in a state of crisis. And the crisis is all the worse because it is a continuing one; nothing changes. His confession of spiritual vacancy does not alter his priesthood; he continues. Bergman seems to be saying that life was once lived in expectation of answers, now it is lived in continuity of questions. Crisis no longer leads to resolution.

For him the special agony is the tearing of the bond between God and man. Unlike Antonioni, whose work also concentrates on this matter, he does not believe that man invented God and must now be manly enough to admit it and to destroy him. Bergman is concerned to find a way of living with – at the very least – the memory of God.

His films grow more spare. Economy of means in art is, almost always, a virtue, but in these last two pictures, the spareness seems connected with a feeling that a script has been filmed, rather than that it is a film *per se*. The distinction is between a story that has been worked out on paper, then illustrated on film; and a story that has

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merely been planned on paper for fulfillment on film. Bergman is such a master director that he can make these works *seem* like films. In *Through A Glass Darkly* the sheer pictures were exquisite and moving; in this film effects like the bravura of the letter scene are telling. (Alone, the pastor starts to read a letter from the teacher. We cut to a close-up of her face and, almost without a break, the camera holds on her for several minutes while she simply speaks the long letter for us.)

But here, as in the last film, the basic conception, the very compactness, have an unintended result. It would be no surprise to read that it had been adapted from a short story or novella; its atmosphere and ambition are literary. The definition of "cinematic" is not, of course, absolute, and it is men like Bergman who have the responsibility to keep re-defining it. But *Winter Light* reduces, in essence, to listening for verbal revelations, for explorations of self in words. This is doubly disadvantageous in a sub-titled film (or a dubbed one), but it cannot be prime cinema even for Swedes. The crucial matters have not been much externalized, do not depend much on anything we can *see*, in encounter of person and person, person and place, even (as in *Wild Strawberries*) place and place. There seems no organic reason why it had to be a film.

There is another weakness along with this, possibly underlying it. First, let us note that we never doubt the existence of his people. From the start, even though the first minutes are a communion service, he manages to convey personalities and individuals. But after we have noted the reality of the pastor and the teacher, the quiet, freezing helplessness of the fisherman, the film depends on the penetration in us of the pastor's arrows of doubt. Beneath the intelligence of the film's execution, the spiritual problem seems merely stated, merely recognizable. The arrows do not pierce. We understand well enough. "Oh, yes, *that* trouble." But it has not been vitalized and freshened to hurt us as it ought to. The tangential matters of the teacher's hopeless love and the fisherman's despair, which are supposed to reflect on the central problem, are more interesting in themselves. (Here, too, why does the suicide affect the pastor and the teacher so slightly? The pastor's emptiness was the last barren place the fisherman touched, and he knows it, but he looks down calmly at the fisherman's body. And why the teacher's coolness about it? If Bergman means their apathy to be meaningful, the meaning is not drawn.)

Bjornstrand, Ingrid Thulin as the teacher, Max von Sydow as the fisherman, could not be bettered. They give human gravity to an almost abstract exercise in God-famished theology. I hope that in his next picture Bergman will use them and others of his "company" and his wonderful fluency in a work that does more than re-state a familiar problem as problem: that *dramatizes* it, even if it is familiar, and gives it life and insistence as film.

The New Yorker Theater in Manhattan, besides its interesting bills of revivals, has imported some worthy films that have been neglected in this country. Antonioni's *Le Amiche* was one such. Their latest importation is Kurosawa's two-and-three-quarter hour version of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. I was grateful for the chance to see it, but my gratitude diminished as time wore on. Masayuki Mori and Toshiro Mifune play well as the hero and his friend in this contemporary transposition, but it is difficult to believe that this film was made in 1951, after *Rashomon*, just before *Ikiru*. It displays almost none of the special powers and style that Kurosawa had developed by that time.

Richard S. Fuller of Philadelphia writes that *Eclipse*, as now being shown in New York, has been cut since I reviewed it. A call to the distributor brought the ready reply that this was true: three minutes have been taken out (half of it from the end) because "people were bored." The immediate reaction is outrage, yet on what ground does one stand in this outrage? Cutting of films after review is commonplace, especially in subsequent runs after the first-run. But the valid criterion is not that it is done after the review but after the artist has finished with it, even if this is before review. And that would apply, not only to films, but to books, which are often cut when translated, operas which are cut and transposed, and plays. (Does Kenneth Tynan's enthusiastic review of Frisch's *Andorra*, as he saw it in Berlin, apply to the play as adapted for Broadway?) I deplore the *Eclipse* cuts with all vigor, but I know that anyone's protest about these practices in general is useless. Nor can I think of any satisfactory labeling plan to warn the public. Ground rules would have to cover cuts by distributors, cuts by censors, additions made by producers after directors have finished, and several other variations. We simply have to console ourselves with the fact that, in the realm of performing arts, the film – as against theater, opera, ballet – is much the securest against tampering and, I suppose, be reluctantly grateful for that.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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THEATER

Tonight We Try to Improvise

Since the war, advanced creative activity in America has come to rely increasingly upon improvisation, a technique which aims to add spontaneity, personality, and chance to the more rigid components of traditional art-forms. From its beginnings in jazz, American-type improvisation has had a radically Romantic coloration – emotionally charged, unconsciously stimulated, and, above all, intensely personal. In the most extreme improvisational art, action painting, the improvising artist even suppresses line and theme entirely, recording instead his mystical emotional state at the moment of composition. Literature is by nature less accidental, self-indulgent, and subliminal, since words are less emotive than colors, but whenever a writer tries to improvise, the subjective element in his work, nevertheless, becomes very prominent. Salinger's *Seymour*, for example, despite its characteristic winks and literary blushes, is a generally honest attempt to convey the author's feelings toward his material in the act of writing it; and it would have been better understood if critics had stopped arguing over whether or not Seymour is a saint, and explored the technical innovations of the story, which is an account of the actual process of literary composition, improvised out of anguish and frustration. American-type improvisation, then, emphasizes the *process* of the subjective artist as well as the content of his objectified art – through improvising, the creator becomes a performer.

The Premise (The Premise)
To the Water Tower
(Second City at Square East)

Theatrical improvisation, on the other hand, is the work of those who are already performers; and since it usually occurs amidst the humming conviviality of the cabarets, it is a much less solitary activity. For this reason, it is sometimes compared to jazz, but only Lenny Bruce, among the cabaret comedians, has made improvisational bits the basis for a personal and creative expression in the manner of the best jazz musicians – or the manner, to use Albert Goldman's suggestive comparison, of the primitive shaman, exorcising the demons of the tribe. Most of the other theatrical improvisers are more akin to court jesters, for they are less concerned with liberating the unconscious than with entertaining the audience. Thus, the Self is suppressed through the assumption of a character mask, and the audience is even permitted to suggest the scene to be improvised. This extemporizing from an assumed character and a given scenario, though traceable to the interpolations of Elizabethan clowns and the improvisations of *comedia dell'arte*, is directly influenced by Stanislavsky, who developed it as a rehearsal technique to examine the possibilities of a scene or to loosen up an actor's inhibitions. And it is even more immediately influenced by those Method directors and actors who brought Stanislavsky's techniques to the creation of plays like *A Hatful of Rain* and movies like *On the Waterfront*.

Although designed as a rehearsal technique, on-the-spot improvisation is now taking place before cabaret audiences; and I have yet to see it really click. Even in the capable hands of Nichols and May – who wisely used it sparingly after the completion of their prepared program – it never seemed more than ingenious. Watching a scene originate before your eyes can be interesting but not convincing. One is too aware of the performer's self-conscious efforts; character and situation rarely merge; and too seldom do the actors make connection. Still, encouraged by overly indulgent audiences, on-the-spot improvisations are becoming more and more important to cabaret troupes like The Premise and The Second City, both of which recently opened new shows. At The Premise,

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Theodore Flicker warns the audience to expect "a great theatrical moment or a gigantic aesthetic disaster." Only one of these promises is kept. Among the improvisations, some brief blackout sketches on topics of the day are competent though rather bland, but, at best, The Premise contributes only a mildly interesting charade. At worst, however, the group makes one tingle with acute embarrassment. This occurs fairly frequently, and is a far more uncomfortable feeling than one gets seeing an actor forget his lines. To go up in a play is to reveal a faulty memory; to goof on an improvisation is to expose a faulty imagination. Pirandello, who wrote plays around improvising actors, was always careful to write out the "improvisations" in advance; and The Premise demonstrates why. A creative artist may be able to perform, but a performing artist is not often capable of sustained creativeness.

The instant theater at The Second City also caused me more pain than pleasure – out of the twelve improvisations I witnessed, ten were duds. Still, the group is more talented than The Premise company, and its approach more iconoclastic. And an improviser like Anthony Holland begins to suggest some of the possibilities of the method, when the performer has a wild imagination, an interesting mind, and complete confidence in his abilities. Holland's *persona* is that of a shrill, redheaded Jewish sissy – overpampered, over-educated, physically fragile, and given to unmotivated hysterical outbursts. When he is improvising the dialogue, situations, and conventions of an O'Neill play, the character he creates is very funny indeed – delivering moody soliloquies, getting girls confused with Mom, and yelling "Cripes" at his seagoing (and seasick) brother. Even this, however, was only the germ of a good idea that needed development, expansion, completion.

I would suggest, then, that the real value of histrionic improvisation is to provide inspiration for a scene which rehearsals can form and finish. And like The Premise, The Second City is most professional in rehearsed material. These sketches are often distilled from newspaper events – both groups disprove my earlier contention that American satire is rarely political– but the better ones are usually sociological. Like Lenny Bruce, who has total recall about the culture of his childhood, The Second City sometimes engages in satirical nostalgia; and one prepared episode finds Anthony Holland as a sensitive camper in a progressive camp upsetting his counselor by painting representational pictures (the subject being Mr. Bardot and Miss Kreisberg in the bushes). A mimed sequence depicts Bob Dishy, a creature with an elastic face and electrified hair, being tortured by his dentist – the character and the situation might have been created by a cartoonist for *Mad* magazine. The most impressive sequence of the evening constitutes the entire second act, a production number about a couple of businessmen seeking "action" in an after hours bistro. Using the visual devices of *The Establishment* and the visionary fantasies of Jean Genet's *The Balcony*, the proprietor caters to his customers' hidden sexual demands by projecting an appropriate setting on a screen: Nazi sadism and *Our Town* wholesomeness; a First Lady Room ("Why not? We're all equal!"); a Cuban invasion of Florida's Fontainebleau; and finally, a moment with a beautiful girl in a swing, against a background of green-minty trees, which turns out to be a commercial for Salem cigarettes.

These sketches were probably stimulated by improvisations, but they also show a controlling intelligence guiding the group collaboration, and it is doubtful if they were ever suggested by an audience. It remains an open question how radical improvisation should be in the theater, and I won't presume to prophesy its future. Everything depends on the gifts of the individual performer, since only he has the capacity to transform improvisation from a crude and infantile exhibitionism into a spontaneous and thrilling event.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

RECORDS

Conductors Since Toscanini

In the years when Toscanini was approaching the end of his career, one wondered if there would be anyone in our time who would operate with the particular combination of musical powers and personal qualities that had given us his unique performances; and it was exciting to hear at Cantelli's first appearances here the evidence of not only musical powers comparable with Toscanini's but a purity of intention and intensity of dedication like his. Since Cantelli's death the question has been whether there would again be a young conductor with what was lost in him; and so far there has been no one to produce the completely achieved perfection of plastically coherent shape that can be heard in the few Cantelli performances preserved on records. But below the genius level of Toscanini and Cantelli a few young conductors have appeared with impressive capacities that have given us effective and satisfying performances: Thomas Schippers at the Metropolitan in this country, and in England Colin Davis, whom we have come to know through records. A year ago we had from him an excellent Berlioz *L'Enfance du Christ;* now we have performances of Berlioz's opera *Beatrice and Benedict*, unfamiliar to us except for its superb overture, Mozart's Symphonies K. 319 and 425 (*Linz*) and Stravinsky's opera-oratorio *Oedipus Rex.*

Beatrice and Benedict disappoints the expectations created by its overture: indeed the overture, it turns out, has the outstanding pages – Beatrice's affecting aria *Il me souvient le jour du départ* and the delightful finale – of

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this late work whose orchestral writing has some of the earlier fascinating liveliness and brilliance, but whose vocal writing hasn't the heart-piercing loveliness and expressive power of the great melodies of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Damnation of Faust*. In the performance on London OL- and SOL-256/7 Davis does an excellent job of pacing and co-ordinating the good work of the soloists, who include April Cantelo and Helen Watts, the St. Anthony Singers and the London Symphony (the monophonic version reproduces it with brighter and more clearly defined sound; but the sound from both versions needs a 9-kc cut-off or a reduction of treble). Excellent too is the performance of *Oedipus Rex* on Angel 35778 (mono), with the Royal Philharmonic, the Sadler's Wells men's chorus and good soloists; but the very first orchestral statements in Stravinsky's own performance on Columbia ML-4644 proclaim the greater power of that performance, which I prefer also for the greater power of Peter Pears' Oedipus and Martha Modl's Jocasta – to say nothing of Cocteau's narration in French, which I prefer to Ralph Richardson's in English. And the performances of the Mozart symphonies with the English Chamber Orchestra on London SOL-60049 (stereo – the expected mono OL-50218 not having arrived) are in every respect – tempo, phrasing, clarity of texture, orchestral execution – first-rate.

Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 82 to 87, on London CMA-7306 and CSA-2306, are products of his matured powers; and the unfamiliar Nos. 82 *(The Bear)*, 85 *(The Queen)* and 87 are moderately interesting examples of the operation that achieves in the first movement of No. 84 and in the better-known No. 86 the incandescence of the final Nos. 92 to 104. But even No. 86 fails of incandescence in the unenlivening performance in which Ansermet conducts the undistinguished Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; and his tempo is occasionally too fast for the proper effect of an Andante or too slow for a *vivace assai* finale.

RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2642 offer another performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 1, this one by Leinsdorf with the Boston Symphony. It is good, but not as successful as Bruno Walter's on Columbia ML-5794 and MS-6394; and it is reproduced with the new Victor Dynagroove sound, which to my ear is less live and bright than the sound of the Walter performance and has less presence, less spaciousness and less solidity down below.

Haydn's fine *Nelson Mass* is paced well by David Willcocks on London 6731 and OS-26731; and there is good singing by Sylvia Stahlman, Helen Watts and the other soloists; but the sopranos of the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, produce an excessively dry tone. I therefore prefer the performance conducted by Rossi on Vanguard VRS-470, which has the excellent Vienna Academy Chamber Choir in addition to the solo group that includes Stich-Randall and Dermota. It too uses the authentic text recently published by Schott; and with treble turned up its sound is very good.

Most of the unfamiliar Mozart arias sung by the soprano Maria Stader on Deutsche Grammophon 19-369 and 136-369 are less interesting than the beautiful *"Zeffiretti lusinghieri"* and Ilia's other aria, *"Se il padre perdei,"* from *Idomeneo*. But admirers of her singing will get pleasure from her excellent performances with the Salzburg Camerata Academica under Paumgartner.

Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* is another of the monumental works which the name "Bach" awes the public into accepting in its entirety, but which includes many examples of competent construction that are, to my ears, not interesting pieces of music. That is true of most of the first eight Preludes and Fugues played on the piano by Glenn Gould on Columbia ML-5808 (mono) – the exceptions being the Preludes Nos. 3, 4 and 8 and the Fugue No. 4. And admirer though I am of Gould's playing, I find that the carefully thought-out peculiarities of touch

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Daniel M. Friedenberg, *an author well known for his essays on world affairs, has only recently begun to release his large store of poems for publication.* Frank J. Warnke *is a professor of English at the University of Washington.*

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and phrasing in some of the performances – above all in the performance of the Prelude No. 8 – make it impossible for me to go along with them as convincing and acceptable statements of the pieces.

A reader has informed me that "a superb transfer" of Schnabel's great performance of Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A is available on French HMV COLH-84, which can be imported, but which Angel (Hollywood and Vine, Hollywood 28, Calif.) should be requested to release here. Meanwhile, for those who care for Debussy's songs more than I do, Angel has released COLH-134, with the exquisite performances that Maggie Teyte recorded with Cortot and Gerald Moore. And COLH-132, devoted to Frida Leider and Lauritz Melchior, has not only their performances of passages from *Tristan und Isolde* – Isolde's first-act narrative, parts of the second-act duet, Tristan's *"Wohin nun Tristan scheidet"* and *"Wie sie selig,"* Isolde's final *"Mild und leise"* – but Leider's superb performances of *"Or sai chi l'onore"* from *Don Giovanni* and Leonore's aria from *Fidelio.*

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Lawyers and Taxes

Sirs:

While I agree with the perspective of your note on taxes (April 20) may I point out one inaccurate – and unfair – statement. It reads:

> "The expense account benefits – the safaris and yachts, *the Bar Association meetings in London* – represent real incomes which are not subject to tax."

My objection is to the underscored phrase.

First, there have been only two meetings of the Bar Association (by the use of capitals, I assume you are referring to the American Bar Association) in London or anywhere else outside of the United States in the entire history of the Association. Those meetings took place in 1924 and 1957. They are not, as your editorial implies, annual adventures abroad.

Second, almost 900 members of bar associations, judges and teachers of law from the United Kingdom and Commonwealth countries joined the ABA at its annual meeting in Washington in 1960. This would suggest that our contemporaries in other English speaking countries, presumably without the tax advantages of our Internal Revenue Code, also find such international meetings worth the time, money and effort of attendance. Having personally attended the 1960 meeting, I can attest to its educational and professional value. Fairness demands that such affairs be arranged on a "home-and-home" basis.

Third, and most fundamental, your editorial displays an ignorance of the US tax law. Lawyers are, in overwhelming numbers, either self-employed or are members of partnerships and as

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such are taxed as the self-employed. Any business expenses incurred by them, as for attending a bar association meeting, come out of their own pockets. Only in a very limited sense can such expenses represent extra, untaxed income to lawyers, *viz.*, to the extent that tax is saved by not including receipts covering such expenses in the lawyer's adjusted gross income. But that is a far different proposition from the expense account of the corporate executive (or lawyer), which may pay for a yacht or safari or trip abroad, and which is derived from some third party and not from the taxpayer's own gross income.

The tax law certainly needs reform. However, it seems to me that the average lawyer is sufficiently discriminated against in the existing law and should not be unfairly criticized for incurring educational expenses out of his own pocket. If lawyers are subject to reproach, I suggest they are vulnerable for failing to support with sufficient vigor measures that would subject their good corporate clients to the same type of taxation they personally bear.

Peter D. Ehrenhaft
Washington, D. C.

Charitable Contributions

Sirs:

The New Republic, which often finds itself in a position of protest and opposition, should be careful to be accurate. On page 4 of the April 20 issue, you write: ". . . quite a few Americans with incomes over $1 million each paid no tax at all; all their income went to charitable contributions." This is simply not true. All you have to do is read the instructions to Form 1040 to find out that contributions in excess of a stated maximum percentage are not deductible.

Jelett T. Stephens
Margate, New Jersey

In reply

The following statement was made on February 6, 1963, by Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury, before the House Ways and Means Committee:

"The deduction of charitable contributions is generally limited to 20 or 30 percent of adjusted gross income. The present law, however, allows an unlimited deduction for charitable contributions in the case of taxpayers who, in at least 8 of the previous 10 years, have contributed to philanthropy an amount which, when added to their income tax liability, exceeds 90 percent of their taxable income.

"Because of this so-called 8-out-of-10 rule a small number of people, some of whose incomes amount to several million dollars a year, contribute nothing through the Federal income tax to the support of their Government. The 90 percent of taxable income needed to qualify a taxpayer for this special deduction includes his tax liabilities as well as his charitable contributions. In many situations, therefore, the taxpayer needs to give little more than the otherwise allowable 30 percent of adjusted gross income. Thus, only a small amount of nondeductible contributions will qualify him under the 8-out-of-10 rule. Under this rule, for example, an individual may receive $1 million a year in dividends, give charitable contributions equal perhaps to only a fraction of the year's appreciation in the value of his property holdings, pay no tax, and have both a large tax-free income available for consumption and wind up the year with assets worth more than they had been worth the previous year."

THE EDITORS

Jung's Correspondence

Sirs:

I have been entrusted by the heirs of the late Dr. C. G. Jung with the editing of his correspondence, and I should be most appreciative if anyone possessing letters would communicate them to me; either originals (which will be returned immediately upon being copied), or photocopies (any expense incurred in making copies will be refunded). It is not intended to publish material of a strictly personal nature, and correspondents may indicate whether any parts of the letters should for the present be withheld from publication.

Dr. Gerhard Adler
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